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EAT FOLKS RE LITTLE FOLKS

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN

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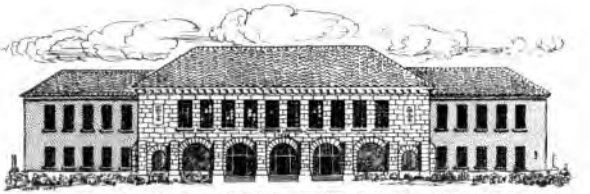

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EVERYCHILD'S SERIES

WHEN GREAT FOLKS WERE LITTLE FOLKS

BY

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
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To

MY FATHER AND MOTHER

WHO MADE MY CHILDHOOD A JOYOUS THING

TO REMEMBER

THIS BOOK IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED

D. D. C.

THE AUTHOR TO THE TEACHER

THERE is a noticeable lack of biographical work suited to children, a very serious lack in view of the great importance of biography. The aim of this book is to supply in a measure this much-needed material. The treatment is quite new. Instead of dealing with the adult life history and life work of famous men and women, the volume contains stories of their childhood, the period of life that appeals most to the sympathies of children. But it is hoped these stories will so stimulate interest that the pupils will be eager to know about the later lives of the little boys and girls whose acquaintance they have here made.

The men and women chosen as subject for these stories are those whose lives, even as

children, were courageous, inspiring, and worthy of example. The qualities of mind and character that made their later lives great and useful are emphasized.

THE AUTHOR TO THE CHILDREN

THERE isn't a boy or a girl in this wide world, at least I haven't met one, who doesn't want to grow up to be a great man or woman with a name that will be as familiar as "George Washington" or "Queen Elizabeth." And there has never been a single great man or woman in this wide world who wasn't once just a plain little boy or girl.

And indeed no one ever thought that these children were going to grow up to be famous any more than your father and mother expect you to be a president, or a millionaire, or a duke, or an actor. They said, "Mercy, how that child does grow!" or, "Little girls should be seen and not heard," but they did not say, "What a really

re-markable child!" And yet their children grew up to be famous and useful men and women, just as you can grow up, every little girl of you and every little boy, if you want to hard enough, and mean to hard enough and never give up trying. That is the secret after all, just trying and trying, and then trying all over again.

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN.

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

THE BOY AT THE "SIGN OF THE BLUE BALL"

WHEN the city of Boston was a village of winding lanes, and the Boston men wore their hair braided in pigtails down their backs, and there were no flying machines or ice-cream sodas in all the world, a fat little boy, in a queer three-cornered hat and buckled shoes, was driving his father's red muley cow down from her pasture on Beacon Hill, where the State House now stands, over the Common to the small brown house across the street from the Old South Church. Even in the eighteenth century the old church was there, and when this same little boy was ten hours old, his father had bundled him up and carried him into the church, and there he had been baptized "Benjamin Franklin."

It must have been hard work for the Franklin father to find different names for his seventeen sons and daughters. Think of it — sixteen brothers and sisters for little Benjamin! When he grew up, he could remember sitting at the table with thirteen of them. Sometimes, in fact nearly always, the food on the table was very plain. Boys and girls have large appetites, and the Franklin family's purse was thin and had to be stretched. But the children were taught not to criticise the food before them. Instead of grumbling at their salt pork and oatmeal they listened while the older ones discussed business, books, and the affairs of the country. When Franklin was a grown-up man, he never noticed what he was eating because he had been taught not to think about food when he was a child.

There were no big stores in those days, only little dark shops with small, diamond-shaped window-panes and high counters.

And instead of painted signs over the doors, as we have nowadays, there were queer figures and images. Over a butcher shop, for example, there would be a wooden bull's head, and the shop would be called "The Sign of the Bull." Benjamin's father kept a candle-and-soap shop. Over the door swung a wooden ball, the size of a cocoanut, painted blue, so he named his shop "The Sign of the Blue Ball." Mr. Franklin thought that all children should be taught to do some useful work, and planned to bring up Benjamin in his own trade. But little Benjamin did not like the idea of being a candle maker, of dipping wicks into melted grease, filling moulds, and selling a few pennies' worth of soft-soap across the counter at "The Sign of the Blue Ball" all his life. Even when he was only a baby, instead of eating his bread and milk, he would sit up straight in his high chair and listen while his father read poetry aloud. He showed such an interest in books as he grew

into going-to-school age that his father decided to make a preacher of him.

And so when Benjamin was eight years old, he put on a fine new waistcoat and his best shoes with shiny buckles, and started out to school. He studied so hard that he went to the head of his class in a few months and was put into a higher one. Then he left the grammar school and went to a private master who taught him penmanship, and tried to teach him ciphering, or arithmetic as we call it. But little Benjamin had not gone to school a year all together when his father found that he could not afford to let him go any longer, and that was the last of Benjamin's school days. Not that he never learned anything more in his life, no, indeed! Benjamin Franklin learned something new and useful every day of his life, and he remembered what he learned. Some boys fall over a stone one day, and the next day fall over the same stone again. Other boys fall

once and remember the next time that the stone is there. Benjamin always remembered, as this story about the whistle shows: —

One day his mother gave him a few pennies and he started out from home to spend them, very happy and proud. As he was looking into the different shop-windows to see what he wanted to buy, he met a boy with a bright tin whistle. It was such a very bright whistle, with such a shrill, loud, cheerful voice, that Benjamin was delighted with it and immediately set out for a toy-shop to find one like it.

"Do you keep whistles, sir?" he asked the man behind the dolls and drums.

"Yes, indeed. How much do you want to pay for one?" replied the shopkeeper, placing a long row of wooden and tin whistles on the counter.

"I will give you all the money I have," said Benjamin, handing his handful of pennies to the man and picking out from the row a bright tin whistle with a cheerful voice. All

the way home he blew his whistle and was very proud of himself for spending his money so wisely. But when he showed his purchase to the family, his brothers all laughed at him.

"You paid four times as much as it was worth," they told him. Poor little Benjamin burst into tears and threw away the whistle, for he did not want to play with it any longer. But he never forgot about it. When he was a grown-up man and wanted to buy something that he did not need, he would say to himself, "Don't pay too much for the whistle."

After he left school, Benjamin went to work at "The Sign of the Blue Ball." He cut wicks for the candles, tended shop, and ran errands. But all the time his brain was busier than his fingers, planning what he wanted to be when he became a man. He preferred making candles to starving, but he preferred a great many other things to making candles. Best of all, he thought he would like to go to sea as a cabin-boy.

As those of you who have been through your geography know, Boston is built on a bay. Benjamin and his friends used to go down to the wharves and go in rowing and swimming, as all boys like to do. When the water of the Atlantic Ocean was too cold, they went to the pond in the pasture that is now Boston Common. Here Benjamin invented a new way to swim, — a lazy man's way. He brought a kite down to the pond, tied the string to a stick, and, lying on his back in the water, let the kite draw him swiftly across the pond in the direction of the wind.

Benjamin was the leader of the boys of Boston. Sometimes, though not often, he led them into trouble and a whipping. There was an old salt marsh on the edge of the town where the boys fished for minnows. They tramped and stamped on the soggy ground so much that they turned it into a mudhole, very uncomfortable to small bare feet, very dirty for small buckled shoes. So Ben-

jamin set his wits to work and soon had an idea.

Near the marsh a new stone house was being built, and heaps of granite blocks lay about temptingly. Benjamin and his faithful friends waited until dusk; then by the light of the round-eyed, astonished-looking midsummer moon they tugged those heavy stone blocks, one by one, to the edge of the marsh, and built a neat little wharf with them. The next morning when the workmen came to go on with building the house there was nothing to build a house with. For a moment it almost seemed as though fairies or tricky elves had come during the night and stolen the stones out of pure mischief. Of course the wharf was finally discovered, and the young builders punished in various ways by their various fathers and mothers.

But Benjamin did not use his brain solely for hatching mischief, you may be sure. While he dipped the white cotton wicks in

the iron pot full of melted wax he was busy with his plans for growing up. Sometimes, I must confess, he was *so* busy with the plans that the candle became crooked and out of shape. Benjamin's father soon noticed that the boy's mind was not in the candle pot. So one day he took him on a sight-seeing trip among the shops, pointing out to the boy the different trades of brazier, turner, bricklayer, joiner, or, as we would call them now, brass maker, mechanic, mason, and carpenter, and telling Benjamin to choose which one he would like to follow.

There is not much difference between seventeenth-century boys and twentieth-century ones, after all. They all like jack-knives, for instance. Benjamin thought that it would be a fine thing to be a cutler and make all the pocket-knives that he and his friends wanted. But his father finally decided to set the boy to work as an apprentice to another son, James, who kept a printing shop.

James agreed to hire Benjamin, and to give him his board and clothes for wages. That was not very much pay, you may think. Perhaps little Benjamin thought so, too. By this time he was twelve years old and liked spending money as well as most children. Yet he did not care to buy toys, or toffee, or to go to the pantomime or the Punch and Judy show. He wanted to buy books. And so he decided on a way to make money: He went to his brother James and asked that half of the cost of his board be given to him. That meant that every week Benjamin was to receive two dollars, and out of this he planned to buy his own food, and to save a part for books. His brother did not think it possible that the boy could do this, but he was willing to let him try. And Benjamin actually managed to save a dollar a week out of the two to buy "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe," and other books which he used to read at lunch time and in the

evenings. And he did not go hungry, either, although you might prefer beefsteak and apple pie and layer cake to the food Benjamin bought, cooked, and ate. He had rice and boiled potatoes, hasty pudding, rye bread, and raisins. You see Benjamin cared more for books to put into his brain than for goodies to put into his stomach. He was very careful of his books and kept them clean and whole, as everybody ought to do and not everybody does. And besides reading, Benjamin used to write.

One day his brother James found him bending over a piece of paper on which he had written two poems. James read them and liked them so well that he let his brother print them on the printing press and sell them on the street. Benjamin made quite a good deal of money in that way. Sometimes he wrote long articles and slipped them under the door of his brother's shop, when no one saw him. James printed these in his newspaper, never

guessing that, of all the people in the world, his young brother could have written them.

But James grew unreasonable and began to beat Benjamin cruelly when he made a mistake. So Benjamin resolved to run away. He stole down to Boston Harbor at night, got on board a ship, and sailed away from his home city, taking with him an extra pair of stockings and a clean shirt stuffed into his pockets, and nothing else but the clothes he wore, a courageous, persevering spirit, and an upright, honorable heart.

Benjamin went first to New York. But finding no work there, he went on to Philadelphia, sometimes walking for miles along the rocky, untravelled road, sleeping in the fields, and eating very little, you may be sure. When he finally reached Philadelphia, dirty, tired, and hungry, he had exactly one dollar left in the world. With part of this money he bought three puffy rolls at a baker's shop and walked up Market Street, carrying

one roll under each arm and munching the third.

In the doorway of one of the houses that he passed stood a pretty girl with long, fair curls and gentle eyes. She gazed curiously at this strange boy trudging by, eating his roll, his pockets stuffed out with socks and shirt. He looked quite ridiculous to her. Though this was the first time Benjamin Franklin and the Read girl saw each other, it was not by any means the last time. Years afterwards he married her.

It was not long before Franklin found a position in a printing office, and began to work in earnest. How well he worked you can understand from his later life when he was a great writer, inventor, and statesman. There is an old saying, "Jack at all trades, good at none." But this does not apply to Benjamin Franklin. Whatever he tried as a boy and as a man he succeeded in doing and doing well, because he had patience, courage, and in-

dustry. These are three very valuable things to carry along when a boy starts out to seek his fortune. They will help any boy to find the good fortune of a splendid reputation, the confidence of every one who knows him, and the love and respect of future generations, just as they helped Benjamin Franklin to gain these things.

You tell the Story

1. What was Boston like when Benjamin Franklin was born there? Where was he baptized?

2. How many brothers and sisters had Benjamin?

3. What was his father's business? Did little Ben like this business?

4. Why did his father send him to school? What did he learn there? How long did he stay?

5. Tell the story of the whistle. What did Benjamin learn from this experience?

6. What did he do when he left the school?

7. What were some of the ways the boys of Boston took to have a good time?

8. Tell the story of the building of the wharf.

9. How did Benjamin choose a trade? What did he finally decide to do?

10. How did he save money to buy new books?

11. Did Benjamin ever do any writing himself? What did he write? Was it printed?

12. Why did Benjamin leave his brother James?

13. How did he start out to find his fortune? Did he find it?

14. Why do you suppose Benjamin Franklin found such a fine fortune, fame, and usefulness?

15. Write a brief description of how the life in old Boston differed from city life nowadays.

CHARLES DICKENS

THE BOY OF THE BLACKING BOTTLES

ALMOST one hundred years ago, as the clock ticks, a very queer small boy lived with his seven small brothers and sisters, all crowded together in a tight little home over a shop in Chatham town, England. This small boy's name was Charles Dickens. He was a quiet little fellow, not exactly sick, but not strong enough to romp much with the other boys of the town. While his schoolmates played cricket, which is a game something like base-ball, or prisoner's base, Charlie would slip away and climb three flights of stairs to the attic over his home, where there were piles of dusty old books. And there he would sit for hours, reading about jolly Tom

CHARLES DICKENS

Jones, brave Gil Blas, the queer old Vicar of Wakefield, and Robinson Crusoe on his desert island.

It was a pleasant place to be a boy in, Chatham town, with its brightly dressed regiments of soldiers marching through the streets, its busy wharves where Charles used to stand and watch the sailors loading the boats, and the white-winged ships floating on the Medway with the great wide sea behind them. Sometimes, on a sunny Sunday afternoon, he would dress up in his best clothes, a round white hat, a short jacket with a frill around the neck, and corduroy trousers, which were what English boys wore in those long-ago days; and he and his father, hand in hand, would climb Gad's Hill. This was a steep hill that looked down on the big round-faced clock in the Chatham town hall far below, and on the low, flat meadows by the river where the boys of the village caught mud turtles. On the top of the hill there

was a great house with many turrets and wide-eyed windows. Little Charles used to love to climb the hill just to stand in front of this house and look at it. He thought that it was the most wonderful building in the whole world.

One day a gentleman passed by as Charles was flattening his nose against the bars of the fence before the house.

"How old are you, my boy?" asked the man, pleasantly.

"I am very old. I am nine," gravely answered Charles. "But when I was no more than half of nine, it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at this house. And father says that if I work hard, I may buy it for myself some day."

The man was very much amused and went away chuckling, for he himself was the owner of the great house, and it did not seem at all likely that the small, pale-faced, shabbily dressed child, whose curly head did not reach

the top of the gate, would ever have money enough to buy a house.

And yet the boyish dream of little boy Charles came true, and many years later, when he was a great and wealthy man, he came back to Chatham town and bought the house upon Gad's Hill. A good many dreams would come true if people were willing to work as hard to bring them true as Charles Dickens did.

Charles and his little sister Fanny went to a day school in the town, where a kindly old schoolmaster with white hair taught them to add long rows of figures and to spell Con-stan-ti-no-ple without a mistake. Charles studied so hard that the master gave him a prize and praised his compositions. In the school Charles found many boys of his own age, which was then about nine and a half. But he preferred to play with his sister Fanny. They used to take long walks together in the green fields and woods of

Chatham and watch the stars come out on the edge of the evening. They chose one of the brightest stars as their own particular friend.

Then suddenly this happy life was over, Mr. Dickens lost his money and moved with his family to the great, black, ugly city of London. Charles was only ten years old when he said good-by to the sunshiny hills and clean blue water of Chatham and jogged down to London in a stage-coach through a dreary rain-storm. Although he did not know it then, he had left behind the happiest part of his childhood and was travelling toward dark days.

In London, Charles found life very different. His father was poor now, and he had to work instead of going to school. He took care of the six younger children, cleaned his father's boots, washed dishes, and ran errands. He sold all his beloved books to pawnshops, and if he cried just a little bit when he parted with "Robinson Crusoe" and "Hum-

phrey Clinker" and all his old attic friends, I do not blame him, do you? Here in London there were no other boys for him to play with, for the little boys in London did not know how to play tag or follow-my-leader or mumble peg like the country children. There were no wide, green fields here in London for games, but only the narrow, ugly, crowded city streets to romp in. And, worst of all, the skies at night were so smoky that the friendly stars were hidden, and when he and Fanny looked for their one brightest star, that, too, was gone.

At last Mr. Dickens owed so much money to the grocer, the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker that he was sent to a debtor's prison where men were kept when they were too poor to pay their debts. His mother and brothers and sisters went with his father and left Charles in the care of an old woman with a pointed chin and a pointed tongue, who gave him a hard bed to sleep

on in a bare, ugly room. And now the boy almost forgot how the sun looked and what was the color of the sky, for he went into a dark, cobwebby factory where he began his work before the sun rose in the morning and finished it after sunset. Most boys of eleven going on twelve would not think it much fun to wrap bottles of shoe blacking in paper, tie strings around them, and paste labels on the tops, every minute of the day for six shillings a week; that is, for about a dollar and a half in American money. Charles did not like it, either. The factory was full of big gray rats and small squeaking mice, and the smell of the blacking often made him feel quite ill. But he did not shirk his work because he disliked it. Instead he learned to do it so fast and so neatly that the people passing the factory would often stop by his window to watch him.

One of the ragged boys who worked near Charles in the factory was nicknamed Mealy

Potatoes. He was a rough boy and used to tease poor little Charles sadly, but underneath his patches and his roughness he had a kind heart. One day Charles had a bad pain in his side. Mealy Potatoes made a bed of straw for him on the floor and filled empty blacking bottles with hot water to hold against the pain. When night came, he said that he would walk home with Charles. Poor little Charles! How he hated to tell the other boy that his father was in prison and that the great, dismal stone building was his home. And so the two little boys wandered about the streets for hours before Charles could find an excuse to slip away.

Even though he was only twelve years old, Charles was seeing and remembering a great many things that he afterwards put into his books. When a boy has no pennies to make a pleasant jingling sound in his trousers' pockets, he cannot go to the circus or the theatre. So Charles had to spend his even-

ings walking about the streets, gazing into the bright windows and watching the gentlefolk riding by in their fine carriages. The candy store and bakeshop windows looked very good to Charles, for six shillings a week is not much money, and often he did not have enough to eat. That does not mean that he could not have a second piece of pie or pudding, or all the lollipops and licorice that he wanted. It means that sometimes Charles was hungry for bread and butter. He used to stand shivering in his poor thin rags before the windows of goodies, heaped with shiny currant buns and round sugary tarts, and pretend to himself that he could choose whatever he wanted for his supper.

But all unhappy times come to an end at last. One red-letter day his father was let out of prison, and saying good-by to Mealy Potatoes and the other boys, Charles left the pots of sticky paste and the smelly blacking bottles to go away to school.

The name of this school was the Wellington Home Academy, and here Charles had a very good time. I am afraid he studied rather more mischief than he did arithmetic and spelling, but in spite of his pranks his teachers liked him because he wrote such good compositions and was so manly and polite. He won many prizes for his work here in the Academy, and learned to read Latin and to do long sums in arithmetic.

Charles was a great favorite with the other boys of the school because he could tell funny stories, recite poetry, and sing comic songs for them. He had a little white mouse that he kept behind his Latin grammar in his desk, and he taught it to climb a pencil, wave a tiny silk flag, and draw a paper wagon across the floor.

When he was fifteen years old, he left the school and went into a lawyer's office as a clerk. But Charles was ambitious. Even when he was a little boy in Chatham town,

he had determined to become famous and wealthy; and he had not been discouraged by unpleasant work or hunger or lonesomeness. Now he made up his mind to be a writer. All day he worked in the office, and in the evening he studied shorthand, which is a way of writing words very fast, much faster than the ordinary writing. As soon as he had learned how to write in this way, he left the lawyer's office and went to work on a newspaper. He wrote good stories, — so very good that people were glad to pay much money for them. In a few years Charles Dickens was famous.

Every boy and girl has heard of Dickens, many have already read in his books about the hungry little poor-farm boy, Oliver Twist, or Little Nell and her grandfather, or David Copperfield, who, people say, was Dickens himself. If you have not read any of these great books, you will want to some day; for there is everything in them that a child likes

and everything that grown-ups like. And when you do read them, remember the pale-faced, sickly little fellow peering through the fence at Gad's Hill; the ragged, ill-fed boy stooping over his blacking bottles or wandering without a friend through the ugly, crooked streets of London town.

A Question List

1. Where did Charles Dickens live during the first part of his life?
2. How did he amuse himself?
3. Tell the story of the house on Gad's Hill.
4. Why and where did the Dickens family move? How old was Charles at the time?
5. Was London like Chatham? Why not?
6. What happened to Charles' father in London?
7. Where did Charles go to work?
8. What did he do for amusement in the city?
9. When he was twelve, what change came about in Dickens' life?
10. Where did he go to school?

11. What did he do in school?

12. What did Dickens wish to become?

13. How did he succeed in becoming what he wished?

14. What sort of a little boy was Charles, and what sort of a man did he become?

15. Which of Dickens' books have you read? How do you like them?

ROSA BONHEUR

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT WANTED TO BE A BOY

FATHER and mother Bonheur had wanted a son, and had even planned to name him Raymond after his father. Instead a little daughter had come to them who couldn't be named Raymond, and who couldn't grow up to be a painter like her father because in those days in France, almost a hundred years ago, girls were taught to sew and to cook, not to draw pictures. That was for a boy to learn. It was a great pity, to be sure! The little girl who should have been a boy was named Rosa because that began with an R like Raymond.

When she was such a tiny girl that her head did not reach the door-knob, Rosa began to

show that she was not like other children of her age. She would leave her dolls in a corner of the room and would make queer round marks and square marks on the white paint of the door panels with her father's black crayon pencils. "Papa, papa," she would cry proudly, "Lalie make pictures."

But Rosa's father laughed at the wobbly tigers and lions and told her not to bother him while he was painting. The poor man had to work very hard, for pictures did not sell as well as potatoes in the village where the Bonheurs lived, and besides Rosa there were soon two boys who must have bread and butter and new shoes. By and by they grew so poor that they decided to move to Paris, where the father hoped to find more work.

Rosa was three years old when they went to the big noisy city of Paris. She was not pretty, for she was very short and thin, with a queer pug nose and a square brown face. But she had a long tight braid of lovely yellow

hair that hung almost to the hem of her skirt and was tied at the end with a shoe string. She wore wooden shoes like all the little boys and girls in Paris and a checked brown dress without any trimming on it.

In Paris they all lived in a small house over a shop, and when presently a baby sister came to live with them, they were very much crowded indeed. Rosa had to help take care of the baby and do the housework, because her mother was too sick to sweep and dust and wash the dishes. When she was not working, she went with her two brothers to a school where all the pupils except herself were boys. There she learned a little reading and writing, but she liked best to draw pictures in the blank pages of her books, and when the writing lesson came, she used to fill the copy-book with horses and cows and sheep instead of words.

Here, in school, Rosa used to wish that she could be a boy like the rest of the children.

Sometimes she would almost forget that she wore skirts and a braid, and would climb trees and play ball like any boy. Once she even fought with an unkind boy who was teasing a dog. She loved animals, and animals all loved her.

Across the street from her home was a butcher shop. Instead of a sign over the door there was a great wooden figure of a pig in front. Rosa felt sorry for the poor pig who had to stand outdoors in the rain and hot sunshine. Sometimes she used to run across the street to pat his carved head and to whisper in one wooden ear that she loved him, even if no one else did.

When she went to walk in the park with her father, the timid sparrows and robins would come fluttering and flying down from the trees, and light on her shoulders and hair. Animals always know the people who are fond of them. Even the wildest animals are not afraid, and the fiercest do not hurt

such people. The big cross watch-dogs would come creeping and crawling to Rosa, and lick her gentle hand with their great rough red tongues, and the deer in the park never ran away from her. When she grew up, and owned two big tawny lions, she let them run free in her garden, and roll together and play on the walk like two pussy-cats.

Before Rosa was twelve years old, her mother died. The four children and their father were left very lonely in the tiny room above the shop. Two kind old cousins took the three younger children to live with them; but no one wanted Rosa, for she was a queer child, very much like a boy in petticoats, who used to fall over the furniture and knock over the dishes, and break and disarrange everything around her. Her father sent her to live with a dressmaker who tried to teach Rosa to sit still quietly in a chair and sew long, stupid seams. But little boys do not want to sew seams, and Rosa was too much

like a little boy to sit still in a chair with a piece of cloth on the table before her, and a big sunshiny world behind. So on one of the sunshiniest days she ran away from the dressmaker's house, through the crowds of people in the city, straight to her father's studio. She begged him to teach her how to put brown and gray and blue paint on the canvas so that it would look like a cow.

"But girls never paint pictures," said her father.

"Then let's cut off my braid, and I will wear boy's clothes and be a boy," cried Rosa. Then what do you suppose? The next day she took a pair of shears, and clip, clip, off came her long, tight braid of yellow hair; after this, she put on her brother's loose blue trousers that hung down to her ankles and a blouse, and nobody in the world would ever have guessed that she wasn't a sturdy twelve-year-old boy.

Rosa wanted to learn to paint so much,

that she used to work alone while other boys and girls of all sizes were playing "Sur le pont d'Avignon," which is "London Bridge" in French. At last her father saw that she really intended to learn, so he began to help her. Soon she was able to copy pictures in the great art galleries and to sell them to wealthy people. In the art gallery the attendants nicknamed Rosa "the little Hussar," which means "the little soldier" because she wore short hair and long trousers. She worked so hard at her painting that she often used to forget to eat her lunch of bread and fried potatoes. Finally she and her father saved enough money to send for the three little children. Then they all lived together again, in the snug little home over the shop.

Although she worked very hard when she worked, Rosa liked to play, too. She and her brothers and sister used to dress up and play knights and dragons and tournaments

THE HORSE FAIR

in their father's big studio. Sometimes they made the dragon's cave out of pictures put together, and sometimes they rode horseback on the easels, playing that the long paint brushes were lances and swords.

Rosa was so fond of animals that she kept the house full of queer pets. A goat in the woodshed, squirrels and rats in the kitchen, and canaries and finches in the bedrooms. She used to draw pictures of them. Some of these did not look at all like the live animals, so she threw them away and began all over again. Whenever the pictures were wrong, she did not get discouraged. She worked all the harder until she at last got them right.

It was because she kept on trying so eagerly that she grew up to be one of the greatest animal painters in the world. She had money and fame, but these did not make her so happy as the fact that the tiny red-eyed rabbits in her pictures looked so real that their noses almost wiggled, and the great yellow lions

she painted were so fierce and lifelike that they seemed nearly ready to roar and snarl in their frames.

Now it is your Turn

1. Why was Rosa Bonheur named Rosa?
2. What country did she live in, and at what time?
3. What did little Rosa love to do better than playing with her dolls?
4. What did she look like when her family moved to Paris? Why did they move?
5. Where did Rosa go to school? What did she like to do in school?
6. Why do you suppose animals loved Rosa so well?
7. When her mother died, what happened to the Bonheur family?
8. What did they try to teach Rosa to do? Did she learn to do it? Why not?
9. What did Rosa want to do? Did she learn to do it?
10. How did she dress now?

11. What sort of games did Rosa play with her brothers and sisters?

12. What were some of her pets? Where did she keep them?

13. What did she do when her pictures were not just right?

14. What did Rosa Bonheur become when she was a woman?

15. The picture called "The Horse Fair" is in the Metropolitan Museum, New York City. If you can, go to see it sometime. Describe briefly the picture that goes with this story.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

THE BIRD BOY

THERE is nothing in the world as pleasant as being a little girl unless it is being a little boy. And there are few places where it is nicer to be a little boy than on a great plantation in the sleepy, sunny land of Louisiana, among sweet orange trees, bright magnolia flowers, and strangely colored butterflies and beasts and birds. It was on a plantation like this that John James Audubon spent the first ten years of his boyhood, at about the time of the Revolutionary War. He was a very quiet little lad who did not care to put his hands down deep into his trousers' pockets, whistle through his front teeth, and swap agates like most boys. When the other boys in the town went fishing for catfish in the canals, or played hare and hounds through

the swampy, moss-hung woods, John James used to lie quietly on his back under an orange tree, where he could watch a mocking-bird building its nest in the branches and could listen to its shrill song.

John James had a French father and a Spanish mother. That is probably why he looked more like a foreign child than an American, with his long brown hair falling way down below his shoulders, his dark skin, and deep, bright eyes.

The first years of his life were spent in growing tall for his age, as every one said, gathering flowers, watching insects, and waiting eagerly for the birds to come back to their wood-home in the spring. And then, when he was eleven, a very sad thing happened to him. It happened when he and his mother were on a visit to an island called San Domingo. While they were there, the negro slaves on the island who had been cruelly treated by the white people made war on

their masters, and in the fighting the little Spanish mother was killed. Poor John James, eleven and tall for his age! For a while the songs seemed to him to go out of the birds and the blue from the sky.

His big, broad-shouldered father, who, in his blue navy uniform, John James thought, was the handsomest man in the world, took his lonely little son away with him across the wideness and the blueness of the Atlantic Ocean to a country called France, where the cows are small and black, and the babies are big and brown, and the little sturdy boys wear wooden shoes. Here they lived in a big, lonesome house beside the river Loire, until one red-letter day the father brought home a kind-faced woman and told John James that she was to be his new mother. After this the house was not so big nor so lonesome. In fairy tales stepmothers are cross and old, and carry crooked sticks to beat little children with. But the step-

mother of John James was not the fairy-book kind. She began to love the little boy the very moment she got into the house, and she kept right on loving him long after he had changed into a grown-up man. She used to give him francs, which are about twenty-four cents in English money, to spend, and she bought him blue silk neckties and pocket handkerchiefs with pictures on them, and leather shoes that squeaked instead of clattering over the cobblestones of the streets as wooden shoes did.

The sea and the gray battle-ships kept his father away from home for months and months at a time, and then, I am sorry to say, John James often used to play truant from school. It was very hard for him to keep on thinking of "Twelve-times-nine's a hundred an' eight," when outdoors the sunshine was golden and he knew that somewhere along the green meadows by the river the ground thrushes were feeding their babies,

and in the shallow water near the swimming-pool the speckled trout were chasing water beetles. So he would take his lunch basket and a pencil and paper and would steal away to follow the call of the fields. All day long he looked with joy down into the nests of the birds at the pretty white eggs or the ugly brown babies. And he tried to draw pictures of what he saw. The pictures were often very queer and looked almost as much like rabbits or squirrels as they did like birds. But he always tore up such pictures and began all over again until he got them to look like the birds themselves. At dusk, when the daytime birds had all gone to bed, heads tucked under their wings, and the night-time bats and owls were just beginning to wake up, John James would trudge home on tired feet across the fields, carrying back a lunch basket filled with nests and eggs and moss and pebbles instead of bread and butter and jam.

When his father came home, he found that his little boy had a whole roomful of treasures from the woods and meadows, a whole heartful of love for the big, fresh out-of-doors, and a whole headful of knowledge about the ways in which the father-birds build the nests and the mother-birds bring up the children and teach them to fly. But John James' father found out also that he knew very little about the history of Rome or the boundary of Germany or the multiplication table. And John James' father wanted his son to be a soldier, for that dreadful time called the Reign of Terror was beginning in France, and of course one who couldn't remember the capital of Persia or nine-times-eight could never in this world be a good soldier. So John James was sent away to school to learn the many things a good soldier ought to know.

But John James did not learn to carry a gun or to march or drill at the school. In-

stead he learned to play on the violin and the flute. Afterwards when he was a great naturalist he used to imitate the songs of birds on the flute so naturally that the timid little wood-birds would come flying and cheeping down from the branches to light fearlessly on the shoulders of the strange man-bird singing to them in their own language below.

It was at this school, too, that John James Audubon studied drawing from the great French painter David. He studied so happily and so hard that before many months he had a collection of two hundred pictures of birds, all colored from his memory of the red and brown and green plumage of his bird-friends in the green fields by the river Loire at home. But Audubon was never satisfied with making a "pretty good" picture. He used to build solemn bonfires and burn up the pictures that weren't just right. Then he would keep on making others, and still

others, until he had a bird on paper that was lifelike enough to burst out singing any minute.

When he was about seventeen years old, Audubon came back across the Atlantic to America. And here he spent many years in the woods, studying the ways of the birds, often suffering from the cold, often having nothing to eat except roots and nuts, but always going ahead as resolutely as he did when he was a happy, petted schoolboy beside the banks of the Loire. And at last people knew that he was a great man, and they bought his books and looked at his pictures and grew to know birds better than they ever had known them before.

So the great man who had once been the little boy watching the mocking-birds in Louisiana, and loving the meadow thrushes and eaglets in the sunny land of France, went on watching and loving birds to the end of his days.

The Story in Questions

1. Where was John James Audubon born?

2. At about what time was he born?

3. What were the nationalities of his father and mother?

4. What did he like to do best when he was a little boy?

5. What sad thing happened in his life when he was eleven years old?

6. Where did he go to live?

7. What sort of a woman was his stepmother? What did she do for Audubon?

8. Did John James like to study from books in school?

9. How and what did he like to study?

10. What did his father want his boy to be when he grew up?

11. What did John James really learn at boarding school? How did these things help him when he became a man?

12. Where did he go when he was seventeen years old?

13. What great things did Audubon do when he was a man?

14. Find out all you can about Audubon's books, pictures, and lectures, and state in your own words what they have done for the world.

15. Why do you suppose John James grew up to be such a great and helpful man?

CLARA BARTON

A VERY GENTLE LITTLE GIRL

To begin at the very beginning, which is a good place to begin, Clara Barton was born on Christmas Day in Oxford, Mass., in 1821. At least that is what her mother and father and five grown-up brothers and sisters told her. Of course she herself could not remember about that. The first thing that Clara could remember, happened when she was two years old. She was playing happily by herself in the front yard when her mother suddenly heard a wail of grief. Her mother hurried to the door.

"Oh! Oh! los' pitty birdie — baby mos' caughted him," sobbed Clara.

"Where did the birdie go, baby?" asked her mother. Clara pointed to a small round

hole in the earth beside the steps. At the sight of the hole Clara's mother turned pale and seized the little girl in her arms. The "pitty birdie" that Clara had "mos' caughted" was a snake!

The next thing that Clara could remember was a dreadful thunder-storm that came suddenly across a clean, blue sky and made the world look dark and lonesome and strange. Clara was very much afraid of a cross old black ram that lived in her father's stable and did not like little girls. When the black clouds of the thunder-storm began to race and rumble across the sky, and the thunder began to growl and mutter, little Clara thought that the heavens were full of hundreds of cross black rams with flaming bright eyes and dreadful voices, and she ran to find her mother's lap to hide in.

Rams were the only four-footed things that Clara did not love. Her first friend was a white dog with a pug tail and a friendly

tongue, named Button. It was Button who watched small Clara go tumbling and stumbling down the yard in her first steps, and who tried his best to pick her up when she fell down. To the little girl Button was part of the family like her brothers and sisters. Whenever she had a piece of cake or candy given to her, she made the whole family sit in a row, father at the head and Button at the foot, while she gave a bit to each of them.

Besides Button, Clara loved horses almost as soon as she loved her family. One of her brothers named David, who was a grown-up man when Clara was born, used to take his small sister out into the pasture and put her on the back of a wild colt, who would gallop and frisk away with her while she shrieked with joy and waved short, fat arms. When she was a grown-up woman and a nurse on the battle-fields, this knowledge of horses was very useful to Clara Barton. Several times she escaped from the enemy by riding swiftly

away, perched on a hard, slippery trooper's saddle on the back of a tall war-horse.

Clara Barton's father had been an officer in the French and Indian wars. He loved to take the little girl on his knees and tell her all about the soldiers and the battles and the charges of the cavalry. Clara used to listen to these stories almost without breathing for fear of missing a single word. Afterwards she would play war with her dolls and arrange battle lines and tactics like a little veteran. Her father told her, too, about the government of the country at the great white city of Washington; the senators, the congressmen, and the President himself. Clara had some queer ideas about these great men that ruled the country. She believed that the President of the United States must be very different from other men, as large as the meeting-house, perhaps. And she thought that the Vice-president must be as big as the schoolhouse, anyway.

When she was still almost a baby, Clara began to go to school. Even before she went to the real school her big brothers and sisters had taught her to read and add figures on a slate. Clara had no toy that she loved as much as she did that slate, and now it was decided that she was old enough to carry it to school, strapped carefully up with her primer and spelling-book like other little boys and girls.

The winter drifts on the way to the schoolhouse were too deep for such short legs to wade through, so she journeyed in state, perched high and dry on the broad shoulders of her brother David. Would you believe it, Clara really liked to go to school? She liked to make long rows of figures with her squeaky pencil up and down her slate; she liked to read about wars and great men in her history books, and she loved geography best of all. Sometimes she would take her maps to bed with her, and then in the middle of

the night she would wake up her poor sleepy sister and make her light a candle and point out the oceans and rivers and mountains on the map spread out before them on the quilt.

But there was one thing that made Clara unhappy sometimes while she was growing up. She loved her flower gardens, her lessons, her pets, but she was dreadfully afraid of people. Whenever there were strangers about, a queer thing would happen. Clara would almost forget her name, put her fingers in her mouth, look down at the floor, and wish that she might run away and hide. The name of this queer feeling is bashfulness, and perhaps some of you may have had it sometimes. If you have, you can sympathize with Clara.

When she was eight, Clara was sent away from home to a boarding-school in the next town. Her father and mother thought that this might cure that bashfulness of hers. But, instead, it grew worse and worse. The

rooms at the new school seemed miles long and wide to poor timid Clara, the days were as long as weeks, and there were so many strange people around her. She did not dare to eat her meat and potato and pudding at the table because she thought that every one was watching her, although this, of course, was a very foolish idea. By and by she got thin and pale, and then thinner and paler, until at last her father sent for her to come home. Clara Barton never got quite cured of her bashfulness. Even when she was a grown woman, she preferred to stand in front of cannon on a battle-field to speaking before a meeting of strangers.

It was probably because she had no playmates that Clara was so shy. When she was nine years old, however, the family moved to a new home in the same town, where there were six little neighbor girls and boys for Clara to play with. Such a good time as they all had together! They found where

the best and biggest chestnuts grew; they played soldier on Rock Hill; they crossed the deepest part of the river on a narrow plank for a bridge, and rode the logs in the mill stream, almost but not quite as far as the dam.

It was the boy playmates who taught Clara how to skate. In those prim and proper days only boys owned skates, for it was thought unladylike for girls. But Clara made up her mind to learn to skate. So one dark Sunday morning when all the house was sound asleep, she heard a whistle under her window, pulled on her clothes with cold, excited fingers, and crept downstairs. The boys led the way through the queer, shivery darkness to the pond, strapped a pair of skates on Clara's feet, and started out across the ice. But ice is so slippery! Poor little Clara fell down on her knees very suddenly and very hard, almost before she had begun. And ice is not a pleasant thing to fall on, as some of you may know. The two little knees were

cut and bruised and bloody, but Clara was a brave girl and would not cry. Instead she wrapped her woollen comforter around her hurts and limped back home to bed. The next day and for three weeks the poor knees were almost too sore and swollen to walk with at all, but Clara bore the pain like a soldier. But the ache in her conscience was harder to bear. She had been naughty and had run away to learn skating after she had been told not to. You can put salve and bandages on bruised knees, but the only way to cure a bruised conscience is to do what Clara did, — to go and tell mother all about it and be forgiven.

Clara had a special soft spot in her heart for anything or any one that was in trouble. Whenever she was given a canary as a pet, she would open the cage door slyly and set it free, because she thought that the poor bird could not be happy locked away from the blue and green and golden out-of-doors.

Do you think she was wise? When she was eleven and still fond of gentle things, — dogs, flowers, and books, — her favorite brother David, who had taught her to ride horseback and carried her to school on his big shoulders, fell from a scaffolding and was hurt very badly. Clara became his nurse. She took such good care of David that the doctor would not give his directions to any of the other members of the family. For two years the big brother was ill, sleepless at night, restless all day. And for two years Clara was his faithful little nurse and waited on him patiently until slowly he grew better and at last was his big, strong, handsome self again. In the years when Clara Barton was a wonderful nurse to hundreds and thousands of sick and wounded soldiers, she never forgot her experience with her brother and the skill in nursing that she learned then.

And now Clara was thirteen, and still shy and small for her age. Her mother and father

ould not understand how uncomfortable it s to be bashful, — some fathers and mothers annot remember that they were ever little olks themselves, — and they wanted to send ıer away to school again. But Clara begged o be allowed to go to work; so finally they onsented.

So Clara was given the village school to each. To be sure she was not quite fourteen, but she knew as much as any teacher, o why not? In the school there were several ıig, rough boys who began to make trouble or the timid little teacher, almost before he had taken her hat off on the first day. But Clara soon won their hearts. And how lo you suppose she did it? By throwing a ıall as straight as they did at recess!

It was because she could do things that nost women cannot that Clara Barton became ıne of the most useful women in the world. And if you do not know *why* or *how* she was so useful, I advise you to find out, every one

of you! Almost every library has the book called "The Story of the Red Cross," written by Clara Barton herself. It is as interesting as a fairy story, and best of all it is true, and it will tell you what this wonderful woman did for the world.

Tell Me if You Can

1. When was Clara Barton born?
2. Tell the story about the "pitty birdie."
3. What was baby Clara afraid of?
4. What did she love?
5. Did little Clara know anything about war? Who told her about it?
6. What did Clara study at school?
7. Did Clara like to talk to strangers when she was a little girl? When she grew up?
8. What happened when she was sent away to school?
9. How old was she when she found her six playmates? What did the children like to do together?
10. Tell the story of Clara and her skates.

11. Whom did Clara nurse? How old was she then? How long did she nurse her patient?

12. What did Clara do when she was fourteen? Did she succeed?

13. What did Clara Barton do when she grew up?

14. What do you suppose made her grow up to be a nurse?

15. What noble society did she found?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE BOY WHO DIDN'T LIKE NOISE

Now all the stories that begin "Once upon a Time" are about Make-Believes and Never-Never Lands, and Just-Pretends. The one that I am going to tell you now is true.

Once upon a time, in the long-ago days when the last century was new, and matches had not been invented, and people still rode in creaking, squeaking stage-coaches instead of Pullman cars, a rosy-cheeked boy lived in the first brick house ever built in Portland, Me. In this house, besides the little boy, lived also a rosy-cheeked father and mother and eight rosy-cheeked brothers and sisters, and the whole rosy family were great friends.

This little boy was very much like all the other boys in the world, except for one thing.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Most boys like to slam the front door to make grown-up aunts jump, or to shout "Boo-oo" at small sisters, or to fire off pop-guns behind cross old gentlemen. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, even when he was so small that he was much shorter than his name, did not like noise. To be sure, when he was six years old, he had a red-painted tin gun. He used to put powder on his long, brown hair, as men did in those queer old days, and march about the house carrying the gun over one shoulder, "Playing sojer man." But the tin gun had lost its shoot and made no more noise than the kitchen poker, which, as every one knows, is very quiet. And six-year-old Henry had no idea what a dreadful, bloody, noisy thing war is.

The first letter that he ever printed was to his father, asking for a drum like those the other boys had. But when it came, white and red and shiny and laced with gold cord, Henry preferred to sit and look at it by the

hour instead of banging on it with the two drumsticks tied to the sides. Most drums never last to be old drums. They have holes torn in their tops and scratches up and down their sides, but Henry kept his drum for a long while.

This is the letter that he had written his father: —

DEAR PAPA,

Ann wants a little Bible like little Betsey's. Will you please buy her one if you can find any in Boston? I have been to school all the week and got only seven marks. I shall have a billet next Monday. I wish you to buy me a drum.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

You see Henry was a very thoughtful boy to ask for his sister Ann's Bible before he spoke of his own drum.

On the fourth of July, when the boom of the cannon shook the brick house from cellar

[illegible] and crack-crack-pop went the fire-crackers up and down the street. Henry went to his nurse-maid and begged her to put cotton-wool into his ears so that he could not hear the celebration! But you must not think, a single one of you, that Henry was a coward because he did not like noise as well as most boys. In every other way he was a real boy, lively, jolly, full of fun.

In the summer he made kites with long tails of colored paper, and flew them over the flag-poles of the city, or he played pitch ball with the other children and went in swimming down by the wharves. For, you know, Portland city is built beside a harbor, and it used to be great fun for the Longfellow children, all nine of them, to go down to the docks and watch the black iron war-ships steam out to open water, or the vessels coming into the harbor loaded with rough-coated cattle from the West, or silks and cinnamon spices from strange countries beyond the farthest sea.

And then sometimes the circus came to town. When he saw the clowns and the cages of tigers, Henry always decided to be a bareback rider, and to wear pink tights and carry a long whip. He practised circus riding at home on his rocking-horse, until one day he fell on the horse's neck and broke it. Then he decided that instead he would grow up into a policeman and wear brass buttons.

In the winter Henry used to go skating, or snowballing. The state of Maine has cold, white winters when the snow covers the fields with drifts so deep that a six-year-old cannot see over the top of them. Henry used to love to go sliding down the long, smooth hills on the funny wooden sleds that were all they had in those days.

But he did not like to go bird's-nesting or fishing because he hated to hurt any live thing. One day he went out in Deering Woods with some of his boy friends who had guns, and there he shot a robin. When he

saw the tiny heap of feathers lying on the ground all dabbled with blood, he threw down the gun and ran home, almost crying. And after this he never wanted to go hunting again.

Of course Henry did not play all of the time. When Sunday came around, as Sunday has a habit of coming once a week, no matter whether it was a bright day or a wet one, the whole Longfellow family started out for church in a sort of procession, with Father Longfellow at the head and Henry at the end. In summer he carried handfuls of apple blossoms or sweet-smelling pinks, and in the winter time little iron footstools filled with live red coals. For in those days the sermons were very long and the churches were very cold, and the row of dangling feet in the Longfellow pew would have been quite uncomfortable without the pleasant little stoves. In the long, sleepy Sunday afternoons all story-books were put away, and little Henry used to read the big family Bible or sing

hymns with his brothers and sisters, all gathered about the parlor organ.

When he was five years old, Henry, perched on horseback in front of an old colored servant, started out to school. The name of the school-teacher was Ma'am Fellows, and the front parlor of her house was the schoolroom, with very stiff, uncomfortable wooden benches standing primly against the walls, and a floor nicely covered with clean, white sand in scroll patterns. All the little boys in their long pantaloons and short roundabout jackets, and all the little girls with their stiff pantalets and fat ringlets, had to sit very straight and very still in Ma'am Fellows' school because she had a very sharp ruler and a very strict rule. — The rule was this: —

"One should never smile in school."

The Longfellow father was also rather strict. Every evening after the bread-and-milk bowls had been cleared from the dining-room table

and the lamps had been lighted, the nine young Longfellows had to gather around with their copy-books and arithmetics and slates and study until the nine o'clock mail rattled by the windows, tooting its horn. Then it was time for candles and good nights.

Henry was not more fond of studying than most boys, but he did everything that he did at all as well as he could do it; and so his mother used to get little notes from Ma'am Fellows like this: —

"Master H. Longfellow is one of the best boys we have in school. He spells and reads very well. His conduct is very correct."

When he was nine years old, the school mistress told the class in composition to write an essay about a turnip. Little Henry went out into a field, sat down beside a turnip, looked at it a long, long time while he chewed his pencil, and finally he wrote a little poem beginning this way: —

Mr. Finny had a turnip
And it grew and grew and grew.

This was the first poem that Henry Longfellow ever wrote, but not the first that was published. That was called "The Battle of Lowell's Pond" and was printed in the *Portland Gazette* when he was thirteen years old. He wrote it secretly and stole out in the evening to post it. He did not even sign his name at the end. When it was finally printed in the Poets' Corner of the paper, there was no prouder boy in the city of Portland than Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

But alas! that very evening a friend who was calling on his father picked up the paper, pointed to Henry's poem, and said: "Did you see this silly poem in the paper to-day? It seemed a very poor, unworthy, wooden sort of thing for the *Gazette* to print."

Little Henry, who was listening eagerly in a corner, stole upstairs to his room; and before he went to sleep his pillows were

drenched with bitter, disappointed tears. No one could have guessed then that the sad little boy crying in the darkness because his first poem had been criticised would grow up to be a great man and one of the most famous poets that America has produced.

Let's see how much You Remember

1. To what kind of family did Henry Longfellow belong?
2. Where did he live?
3. How was little Henry different from most boys?
4. What was his first letter to his father about?
5. Tell some of the games that Henry and his chums used to play in the summer and the winter.
6. Did he like to go hunting or fishing?
7. How did the Longfellow family spend Sunday?
8. How and where did Henry go to school?
9. Describe the schoolroom.
10. Was Henry a good scholar or a poor one?
11. What was Henry's first poem about?

12. What was the name of the first poem that Henry ever had published? Tell about this poem and what was said about it.

13. What did Henry Wadsworth Longfellow become when he was a man?

14. What poems of his have you read? Bring to class the one of his poems that you like the best.

CLARA MORRIS

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO HAD TO GROW UP

THIS story begins in Toronto, a city in Canada, on Saint Patrick's Day, when hundreds of men in green aprons and hats paraded in the street, and it snowed a little, and the sun shone a little, and then a thunderstorm drove the sun away. The growl of the thunder crept into a dark bedroom on a back street and frightened a new baby who was sleeping in a cradle. Then the baby opened its mouth wide and wailed and screamed until the people in the room held up their hands in horror, crying, "Clara Morris has a temper and a good pair of lungs!"

When the baby with the temper and the lungs was six months old, her mother took her

CLARA MORRIS

away from Canada to the city of Cleveland in the United States, and here little Clara began to grow up. Growing up means learning a lot of queer new things. When she was four years old, Clara had learned how to keep as still as a mouse out of people's way, what it meant to love her mother, what it meant to be hungry, and what it meant to be afraid.

At first she did not quite know what it was that she was afraid of. Sometimes she was wakened out of a sound sleep, in the middle of the night, dressed in her hood and coat, and taken out of one house to another. When she went out walking with her mother, she had to wear a thick black veil over her face that kept her from seeing the dolls and candy canes in the shop-windows and made the world look dark, ugly, and criss-crossed with fine lines. As none of the other little girls had to wear veils, Clara could not understand. But by and by she found out what she was afraid of. It was of a big, smiling man called

a *father* who treated her mother unkindly and who wanted to steal little Clara away. After she had found out about the father, Clara used to hold very tightly to her mother's skirts and try to hide in them whenever she saw a big man smile at her in the street.

Beside her mother, who was always sewing and always tired, Clara had only two friends, for she was not allowed to play keep-house or hop-scotch with the happier little girls in the neighborhood. One friend was a wooden doll with hard, bright red cheeks, and flat blue eyes that stared and stared, and a mouth like a round buttonhole. The other friend was a cat with sharp claws. One day Clara tried to find out where the kitty's purr came from, and the kitten scratched her so badly that her mother gave it away. Then there was only the wooden doll to love.

Although her mother sewed all day by the window where there was light, and late into the night, sitting close to the lamp, there was

often very little to eat in the house. Clara soon found out that when she asked for bread and butter, the poor mother's eyes would fill with tears; and so, although she was only four years old, the little girl would change her cry of "bwead" to "I wants a dwink o' water," so that her mother would not cry. One day when the cupboard was as bare as Old Mother Hubbard's, Clara saw a potato fall from a pedler's cart into the street. She knew that potatoes were good to eat after they were cooked, so she ran down stairs as fast as her short legs would carry her, picked up the potato, and, holding it in her apron, climbed upstairs again, breathless but happy.

"Where did you get that, Clara?" asked her mother, sternly, when she saw the potato.

"I des' founded it on the ground — an I'se so hungry," cried Clara. But her mother told her that the potato did not belong to her, even though she had found it, and that

she must carry it down and put it in the street again.

Although she was not allowed to go to school, Clara learned to read "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" at home. She learned to spell while her mother was brushing her hair. She could spell long, hard words like e-le-phant, although she thought that the word meant the name of a big building instead of an animal. She was such a bright child that an actress who lived in the same boarding-house wanted to adopt her as her own little girl and teach her to recite poems and to act in plays on the stage. But Clara's mother loved her little girl too well to give her up, even if it was hard to buy her shoes and bread and butter.

When she was eight years old, a happy change came for Clara. She and her mother went away from the dirty, noisy city to the green West, where the little girl saw the grass for the first time, and the hickory trees, and

the black-eyed Susans. They went on a long journey in strange cars where people ate their dinners out of paper bags and slept in the seats; for that was before the days of dining and sleeping cars. Clara and her mother carried bread and meat and a jar of pickles packed in their bag next to their clothes, and the vinegar smelled so strongly that when Clara put on her clean apron and fresh dress, she cried, "I smell jes' like a little pickled girl, don't I, Mama?"

At first the country seemed too big and too green to little Clara. She was even a little afraid; for once in a book she had seen a picture of a yellow tiger with big teeth hiding in the grass; and for a long while she insisted on carrying an umbrella wherever she went so that if the tiger *should* come crawling through the tall green herd's grass, she could beat him on the head with it and drive him away. But she soon found out that the tiger would not come. For instead of tigers

:here were on the farm gentle calves, and big-:ared colts with frisky tails, and woolly white ambs.

There were, too, girls and boys who had ıever heard of "Pilgrim's Progress," and vho couldn't tell Bible stories, but who knew . great many things that she did not know, uch as how to make jack-o'-lanterns, and orncob dolls, and willow whistles, and how o ride horseback. They taught Clara to ide on old Jerry after the cows. At first :lara was terribly afraid of Jerry. He had :yes that seemed the size of soup plates; he ›reathed smoke out of his nostrils; his back vas as slippery as glass, and he was so tall :hat he nearly reached the sky. At least :lara thought so, but she soon learned to hold 'ast to his woolly mane and to ride nearly ıs fast and as fearlessly as the biggest boy ɔn the farm.

Even when she was only nine years old, Clara loved to act out before the other chil-

dren in the hayloft of the barn the stories she read. One day, as she was playing that she was a run-away heroine, she fell through a hole in the loft floor right into the stall of old Jerry, and worst of all she fell directly on top of an egg that a hen had laid in the manger. Now one large egg can nearly cover one small girl. That egg put an end to Clara's acting, though not for very long.

When she had ten candles on her birthday cake, her mother moved back to Cleveland, and Clara went to public school for the first time. Here she studied very hard, and read many books and went on growing up as little girls, and little boys too, have a habit of doing, until she became thirteen years old.

And then something happened.

In the house where Clara lived there was another lady who had a daughter Blanche, just Clara's age. This lady and her daughter were actresses in a theatre near by, and Clara decided, then and there, to be an actress also,

or Blanche told her that she could earn the hole of three dollars a week by marching nd dancing with a lot of other little girls in play called "The Seven Sisters." To Clara ho had never had more than a few pennies n her purse in her life, three dollars a week eemed a great deal of money. She thought hat her mother would not have to work so ard if she could earn as much money as hat.

The first thing to do was to coax her mother o let her go. After that Clara put on her est blue apron, buttoned up the back, aided her long hair into two brown pigtails, ed at the end with blue ribbons, and went o the theatre with Blanche to ask the theatre an for a chance to march and dance in The Seven Sisters." The man looked at lara, and then he said that she might come he next night. And this was the beginning f Clara Morris the actress, and the ending f Clara Morris the little girl.

The theatre, with its make-believe palaces and marble pillars and painted canvas curtains, seemed a very odd place to Clara. And we would think that her costume was very odd, too. She wore seven stiff white skirts that came only to her knees, long pink stockings, a wreath of white paper roses that looked something like turnips, and two little gauze wings fastened to her waist at the back of the shoulders.

At the end of two weeks Clara had saved every penny of her six dollars, and now came the question of spending it. What do you suppose she bought? It might have been candy and ice-cream, for Clara had, not one sweet tooth, but a whole set of them; it might have been pink satin slippers with shiny buckles like those Blanche wore on the stage; it might have been books. But it *was* none of these things. When the theatre man put the six one-dollar bills into Clara's hand, she went straight out of the theatre to

e biggest dry-goods store in Cleveland and ught a muslin dress with lavender flowers it for her mother.

Years afterward Clara Morris became a eat and famous actress and a wealthy woman. it she never earned any money that she is as proud of as that first six dollars, and e never was so happy in buying anything she was when she chose her mother's vender-flowered gown.

Questions for You to Answer

1. When and where was Clara Morris born?
2. What was she afraid of? Why?
3. How did she and her mother live?
4. What playmates did little Clara have?
5. Was she ever hungry? Tell about the ling of the potato.
6. Did Clara go to school? How did she n her lessons and what did she learn?
7. What happy thing occurred when Clara was ht? Where did her mother take her to live?
8. What did Clara do in the country?

9. Did Clara ever act out stories when she was a little girl? Tell about her first acting.

10. Where did Clara go when she was ten? What did she do there?

11. What did Clara coax her mother to let her do to earn three dollars a week?

12. What did Clara do at the theatre? How was she dressed?

13. What did Clara buy with the first money she ever earned?

14. What did Clara Morris become when she grew up?

15. Why do you suppose she grew to be such a great and talented woman?

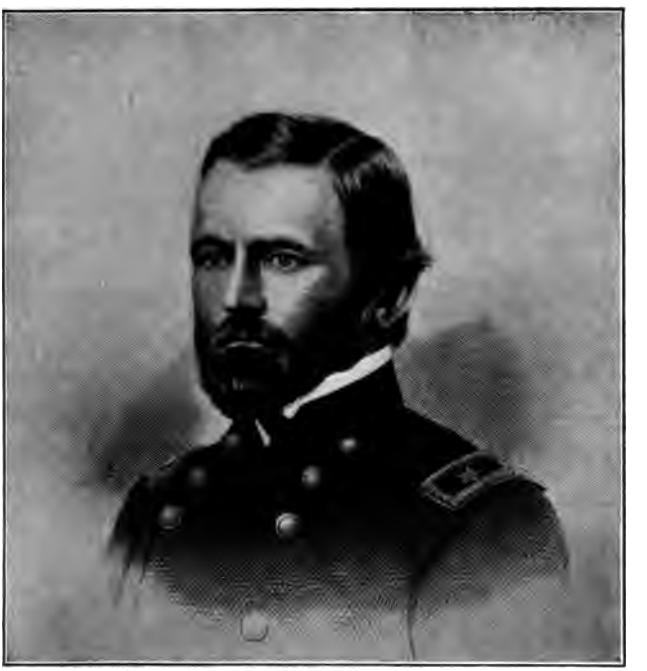
ULYSSES S. GRANT

JUST AN ORDINARY BOY

As a great many of you know, and the rest you ought to know, the western part of ıe United States was unsettled long after ıe East was filled with cities, homes, and hools. Then slowly people began to move ıward the West, and little villages and settle-ents began to spring up along the way. The g, bustling, busy state of Ohio was still ung when this story begins. Women cooked great fireplaces instead of over gas ranges; ople went to bed by candle-light, and their uses were very small and ugly. We would ll them shanties to-day.

In one of these tiny wooden box-houses in int Pleasant, Ohio, a small boy-baby opened

his eyes in 1822, looked about the poorly furnished sleeping room, and then began to kick and cry with all his might and main, as though he was sorry that he had come to live there after all. Since he was the first baby in the Grant family, of course all the aunts and uncles and cousins and grandparents came to see him and said that they had never seen such a fine baby in their lives. This remarkable baby must have a name, and every one of those aunts and uncles and cousins and grandparents had a different one to suggest. No matter how wonderful he is, no one baby can have many names, so father and mother Grant decided to draw lots in order to settle the dispute. Every one wrote a name on a slip of paper and put the slips into a hat. Then father Grant drew two slips out of the hat. On one was written "Ulysses" and on the other "Hiram." So the baby was named Hiram Ulysses Grant. But that was not the name under which Grant became famous later



ULYSSES S. GRANT

on. And this is how it was changed. When Ulysses was seventeen years old, a member of Congress who was a friend of his father got a place for the boy in the United States Military Academy at West Point. By a mistake he reported the name of the new pupil as "Ulysses S. Grant." When Ulysses arrived at the Academy, he tried to correct the mistake. It was too late. So he went through the world as Ulysses S. Grant. People used to make jokes about the name. They said that the U stood for Useless. Later on, they called him Uncle Sam, and finally they found another name for him. It was "Unconditional Surrender" Grant. Those of you who have learned your history lesson will understand why.

When small Ulysses was just beginning to take a few steps alone, and had had one birthday, the family moved to a farm near Georgetown, Ohio, and here they lived for many quiet years while Ulysses and the five

brothers and sisters that came after him went through the long process of growing up. Now eating and measles and new shoes, which come in the process of growing up, cost money, and where there is a big family on a rocky little farm even the small sons must work. So while the other boys of the town were playing "Prisoner's Base" or hunting for beechnuts in the pleasant sunshine, Ulysses was often earning a quarter of a dollar driving a load of wood or guiding a plough.

From his first days the boy loved horses. When he was still in short dresses, a frightened neighbor came running to Mrs. Grant one morning to tell her that her baby was out in the stable having a glorious time swinging on the long tails of the horses as they dozed in their stalls. As he grew older he saved every cent that he could earn, a few pennies here, a nickle there, a quarter once in a while, until he had enough to buy a horse of his own. One of the next-door farmers had a glossy

brown colt, or "yearling," as they say in the country, that Ulysses admired very much indeed. But the man wanted twenty-five dollars for it, and twenty-five dollars is a great deal of money for a boy to save. So Ulysses went to his father and told him about his difficulties.

"Twenty-five dollars is too much for that colt," said Father Grant. "Go to Mr. P— and offer him twenty at first. I think he will be glad to get that. But if he refuses, offer him twenty-two dollars. And *then,* if he won't take less, you may pay him twenty-five."

Now what do you suppose that small boy did? He went to the farmer and said to him: "Father says I am to offer you twenty dollars for the colt first, then twenty-two, and then twenty-five. So will you let me have him for twenty, please?"

Of course this was no way to make a good bargain, but it shows what a straightforward

little fellow Ulysses Grant was, even at eight years old.

He loved horses so well that he could break the most tricky and frolicsome colt to harness, train pacers, and ride anything with four legs. When he was only seven, he went out into the stables, put a heavy harness on an unbroken colt, hitched him to a sled, and drove out into the woods for a load of brush. And this was when he was so short that he could not reach the horse's head except by standing on tiptoe on a soap box beside the stall!

When the circus came to town, Ulysses used to ride the clown's bucking trick pony that was especially trained to throw adventuresome boys. The poor pony was puzzled to find that all his usual jumps, side kicks, and wicked antics could not upset the small figure clinging to his woolly back as firmly as a bur to a woollen gown. The circus offered a prize of several dollars to a successful rider, and Ulysses earned a good deal of money

in this funny way. After the circus was gone, the boys of the town used to get up a show of their own, and Ulysses was always the star performer, with his horseback tricks that were almost as astonishing as those the acrobats in pink tights had done. He would turn somersaults and gallop madly down the street standing on one foot on the bare back of the horse, to the terror of nervous old ladies who saw him.

Now Grant's father found it impossible to earn shoes, clothes, and bread, butter, and molasses from the farm alone, so he became a tanner. This is a man who takes the skins of animals, cleans them, and makes them into leather for bags, belts, and shoes. Ulysses preferred the clean, green smell of the fields and pastures to the musty, unpleasant odor of the vats and tanning yards. So, instead of working in the yards, he used to plough, feed tan bark into the mill, and haul all the family supply of wood. "I did not like to work,

but did much work and went to school," he has told us himself in the book that he wrote about his life when he was an old man. He did not like arithmetic and geography much better than the tanning yards, but he went regularly to school and studied faithfully in spite of that. And in all his school years he never missed one day.

The state of Ohio was a splendid country for boys in those days. The rivers were full of fish and the woods were alive with small game, shrill-voiced quails, jack rabbits with twinkling tails, and scolding squirrels. But Ulysses did not care to hunt or fish. He preferred to go down to the edge of the river and watch the boats coming and going on the swift water that went endlessly whirling by. He used to plan that when he grew up, he would travel up the river to find out where the flatboats and the side-wheel steamboats all came from, and then he would go down the river to see where the black water was going

as it rushed by him so swiftly. In the summer he and his boy chums went wandering through the happy out-of-doors searching for pawpaws, grapes, blackberries, and hickory nuts, and roaming through the fields and woods as pirate bands or Robin Hood and his men. In the winter they went coasting down the long hills, smooth as glass with tightly packed snow.

You see that Ulysses S. Grant was a very human sort of boy, much like other sturdy, freckled youngsters the world over. And yet he was different. He grew old very young. He was a self-reliant baby, and showed such remarkably good judgment when he was only twelve years old that his father sent him to Cleveland on a two-day trip to do some very important business for him. Whenever he had a hard task to perform, Ulysses Grant did not go to other people for help, but puzzled and worked over it until he could do it all alone.

He was more patriotic than most boys, too, with a real reverence for the great men who had made the country great. When he was in the primary school, he once fought with a much bigger boy who had spoken slightingly about George Washington.

And in spite of the fact that all the townspeople thought Ulysses was just an ordinary boy like their own sons, his father believed the boy was destined to do something really remarkable in life. People used to laugh at him for his pride in his son, but Grant's father only said, "Wait and see whether I am right or not." It was because of his faith in Ulysses that he decided to send the boy away to military school at West Point, although he really needed him in the tanning yards.

Once a travelling phrenologist, which means a man who tells people's fortunes by feeling the bumps on their heads, came to Georgetown. He examined Ulysses' head and said in great

astonishment: "This is a remarkable head. This boy will some day be President of the United States."

Whether he was right or not, those of you who have good marks in your history can tell.

Do You Remember

1. What was the West like when Grant was born?
2. How did his parents choose his name?
3. What nicknames did people give Ulysses Grant later on in life?
4. How many brothers and sisters had he? Was his father rich or poor?
5. What did Ulysses do often while other boys were playing?
6. What animal did Ulysses love the best?
7. Tell the story about buying the colt.
8. What was the trade of Ulysses' father?
9. How did Ulysses earn money?
10. How did he play?
11. What made Ulysses different from other boys?

12. What did his father believe about his future?

13. What did the phrenologist predict?

14. Do you think you would have liked to know Ulysses?

15. What did he become when he grew up?

QUEEN VICTORIA

THE PRINCESS WHO WAS LIKE OTHER LITTLE GIRLS

BEING a royal baby is no nicer than being any other kind of baby. It hurts just as much to cut first teeth in a gold cradle as it does in a plain common wooden one. Then, too, dukes and duchesses do not make any nicer fathers and mothers than your father and mother, who aren't dukes and who don't wear crowns or velvet robes. And royal babies are just as bald-headed and red-faced and curly-legged as Esquimau babies and Chinese babies and United States of America babies.

In 1819 a new baby princess lay in a gold and silver cradle in the royal palace in London. Around the cradle stood the baby's duke father, duke uncles, a prince or two, and

narquis. And they all looked at the princess, vho was wailing and screaming as loudly as ıny common child; and then they all said, very olitely, "A fine, handsome, remarkable in-ant," which was not true. For the baby was ıst like any other baby. And the duke ncles, who knew that some day this little rincess, red, bald, and screaming, might be he queen of all England instead of their own hildren, wished down in their hearts, I'm fraid, that she had never been born at all. 'he uncles in fairy books are like that, you emember.

When she was a month tall, the little princess vas baptized like other children, only instead f being named "Susan" or "Mary Rebecca" he was christened "Victoria Alexandrina," nd the Archbishop of Canterbury himself prinkled the water over her from a solid gold ount. Archbishops are almost like kings n the Episcopal church, you know. Of ourse her mother and father, even though

they were duchess and duke, could not say, "Victoria Alexandrina, go straight to sleep," so they shortened the long name and called the little princess "Drina" until she was four years old. And then the small girl took matters into her own hands and demanded that she be called Victoria. The first letter she wrote, signed "Victoria," is in the British Museum to-day; and you can see this letter if you will pack your trunk and sail across the Atlantic Ocean to London.

There are strange things that happen in this world. Here is one of them. At almost the same time that Princess Victoria Alexandrina first opened her blue eyes in England a boy baby, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, opened his eyes in Germany. Who would ever have guessed that when these two children grew up to be a man and a woman, they would meet each other and, — but there, that's telling. Wait and see what happened.

When Victoria was still creeping on all

fours over the velvet carpet and playing with a diamond-and-ruby-covered Order of the Garter, which is a sort of badge of a royal society, as other children play with clothes-pin dolls and alphabet blocks, her father died very suddenly and left his wife and little girl all alone in the world. And, worse than that, he left them very poor. It seems strange to think that a princess could be poor, or get snarls in her hair, like other girls. But Victoria was a real little girl in spite of the Princess before her name.

In the first place she loved her mother, and did not leave her a single day until she was a grown woman and wore a crown. She slept in her mother's room, and ate at a little table beside her mother's big one. You must not think that just because she was a royal little girl, who might grow up to be a queen, she was allowed to eat ice-cream or cake or candy whenever she wanted them, or stay up until ten o'clock at night. She had bread and butter

and milk and jam to eat, and went to bed when the clock struck nine every night of her life. And she did not wear velvet dresses with trains and jewels like the pictures of the Sleeping Beauty or the Enchanted Princess in the Wood, that you see in the fairy books. Instead her mother dressed her in a white cotton suit with a colored collar around her neck and a big straw hat tied with ribbon bows.

Victoria liked to play as well as any Smith or Jones or Robinson children, in spite of the fact that wherever she went she had to have a long row of stiff, solemn, grown-up footmen following after her. She had a flower garden of her own, and a watering-pot so large and heavy that she used to water her own feet nearly as often as she did her roses or lilies of the valley. Her favorite games were "Young and Old come out to Play" and "Grandfather," which we do not play on this side of the ocean, but must have been much like "Ring around a Rosy" and "Drop the

Handkerchief." Then she loved to play battledore and shuttlecock, to dress and to undress her dolls, and to go out riding in her pony cart through the country lanes and the market gardens around the palace grounds with her nurse whom she called her "Dear, dear Bobby."

I have already said that Victoria and her mother were very poor. Sometimes the little girl did not have enough pennies in her little red leather purse to buy the toys she wanted. One day, as she and her nurse were driving by a little shop in London, Victoria saw a beautiful doll in the window, — the most beautiful doll that she had ever seen. But every cent of her allowance for the month was already spent, and she knew that it would do no good for her to tease her mother for more. So into the shop went little Princess Victoria and begged the kind-faced shopkeeper to keep the doll for her until she could save up enough to pay for it. Then for the next

month Victoria saved her pennies until at last there were enough for the beautiful doll. She went to get it at seven o'clock in the morning, before the shopman had opened his shutters for the day.

Of course a little girl who might be a great queen some day could not be allowed to grow up without going to school. And so when Victoria was only five years old, she had to begin to study with many different teachers. She learned to speak German, French, and Italian. She studied history, figuring, and geography. A writing master taught her to make fine, delicate letters, a music teacher gave her piano lessons, and a drawing master showed her how to make pictures of flowers, animals, and people. Sometimes little Victoria wiggled over her stupid books and wished that lessons were over, just as you wish sometimes. But she was always truthful about it.

"Was my little girl good this morning?"

PRINCESS VICTORIA

asked her duchess-mother one day at the end of school hours.

"Well, madam, she was perhaps a little naughty once," replied the governess.

"No, Lechzen," said little Victoria, sadly, pulling at her skirt, "I was naughty *twice*, don't you remember?"

While she was still such a little girl that she wore her long fair hair down over her shoulders in ringlets and loved her dolls better than anything in the world except her mother, Victoria went visiting to see her uncle who was King George of England. The king liked the little princess' gentle eyes, lady-like voice, and pretty ways. They went out driving together in the palace gardens, and the king asked Victoria what tune she would like to have the band play for her.

"I should like 'God Save the King,' please," answered his little niece, shyly.

When she went home, the king gave her a pretty piece of jewelry and kissed her

good-by. "What part of your visit did you like best, child?" he asked her.

"The drive I took with you, Uncle King," said Victoria, promptly.

All the time the little princess was playing with her dolls and flowers and studying her long, hard lessons, her mother tried not to let her know that she was any different from other little girls. No servant was allowed to whisper in her ear, "Some day you will be queen"; no visitor hinted at it. At last when she was twelve years old, the great news was told her. The little princess listened solemnly. Then she shook her head.

"There is much splendor in being queen, but more responsibility," she said. Then she lifted her right hand as though she were making a very solemn vow. *"Oh, now I will be good,"* she cried.

And that is why Victoria grew up to be the best-loved queen that England has had for many and many a year. No matter how

much splendor and wealth surrounded her, she never forgot her childish promise, "Oh, I will be good."

And the little Prince of Saxe-Coburg, what of him, you say? Why, when he grew up to be a fine, handsome, good man he travelled to England, met Queen Victoria, and married her. And the two had many little boys and girls of their own, and ruled England wisely and well for years, and loved their people, their children, and each other all their lives. And so this story ends as all stories ought to end, "And they lived happy ever after."

Now It's Your Turn

1. Where and when was the Princess Victoria born?

2. Who christened her? What names was she given?

3. Who else was born at almost the same time?

4. Did Victoria love her mother as well as other little girls love theirs?

5. What did the little princess have to eat ınd wear?

6. What games did she like to play?

7. Tell the story about the doll that she was ;oo poor to buy.

8. What did she study? Who taught her?

9. What relation to her was the king of England? Tell about her visit to him.

10. Did Victoria know that she was any different from other girls?

11. When was she told? What did she say?

12. Whom did Victoria marry?

13. Do you think Victoria had as much fun being a child as other children?

14. What sort of queen did Victoria become?

15. Write a short description of the life of a royal little girl.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON

THE BOY WHO ASKED QUESTIONS

FIFTEEN years before the Civil War a small boy lived in a large house in the little Ohio town of Milan. He was a round child, almost as broad as he was long, with round gray eyes and hair that would not behave. His mother tried to curl that hair, but it would *not* curl. She tried to part it in the middle, but it would *not* part. She tried to pat it down smoothly, but instead of staying where it was put it *would* rumple up and stand erect all over the small round head. In spite of the hair, however, Master Thomas Edison was a good child. And before he grew out of his cradle he liked to make little baby-jokes and tell them to his father and mother.

When he was four years old, "Al," as he was

THOMAS A. EDISON

called for short, had a great many friends. First, there were the grown people in the village, then there were the other boys and girls of all sizes and ages, and then there were the workmen in the ship-building yards near his home. Little Al loved to slip out of the house when his mother had forgotten to watch him for a moment, and trot off along the tow-path to the wharves as fast as his short, round legs would take him. In the yards he would pick up the tools and ask questions about them, — not one question, or ten questions, but so many that the poor workmen would lose their patience and send him home. Al asked all his friends questions. He asked about the sky, and why the moon was round instead of square, and when the day after to-morrow would come, and how to make machinery, and why he did not have wings like the baby robins in the nest in the maple tree. And when his poor friends cried out in despair, "I don't know,"

Al would ask gravely, "*Why* don't you know?"

Even when he was a very little boy, he was interested in flying. One day he mixed together some medicines that he found in the cupboard and tried to bribe his nurse girl to take some of the mixture. He thought that if she did, she would be able to fly as well as a bird. The poor girl took a spoonful of the horrid-tasting medicine, and it made her quite ill. Little Al was very sorry that she was ill, but he insisted that if she had taken all of the medicine instead of only a spoonful, she would have been flying happily about the room on a pair of pretty white wings.

Edison was so anxious to find out how things were made that he tried some very queer experiments. One day he found an old gray goose sitting on a nestful of eggs in the stable, and drove her off the nest so that *he* could sit on the eggs and hatch out the goslings himself. Of course the eggs were

all broken and little Al discovered that hard, small boys are not as good for eggs as soft, warm geese.

At another time he tried to make electricity by rubbing the fur on the backs of two big black Tom cats the wrong way. Sparks flew, but so did the cats, leaving long red smarting marks on two eager little hands. However, he did not become discouraged when his experiments were not successful, but kept on trying and trying again.

When people began to call Al "little man" instead of "baby," — which was when he was about seven years old, — his parents moved to Port Huron, where they bought a home on the edge of the town, a home with beautiful cellar doors for a small boy to slide down and apple and pear trees for him to climb. And here Al began to learn lessons with his mother as teacher. He found out about many strange things, such as the twelve table, and the capital of Peru, and how many miles

it is to the moon and back. And the more he learned the more he wanted to know. He used to sit curled up on the window-seat and read heavy, dull books that told about light and air and science, and best of all about that queer unknown thing called electricity. There were four-syllabled and five-syllabled words in these books that were far too hard for a seven-year-old tongue, but little Al never skipped even the longest words, and he went on asking puzzling questions of everybody that he met. He liked to read so well that he made up his mind to read every book in the big library in the town, and he really did finish five yards of books before he was eleven years old.

But then something happened that took him away from reading books and climbing trees and asking questions. His father lost a great deal of money, and the Edison family became poor, — not hungry-poor, or ragged-poor, but so poor that young Edison decided

to grow up as quickly as possible and go to work. His mother thought that eleven years old was too soon to grow up. But mothers are queer that way. They always forget that little boys keep on getting bigger and bigger all the time, and then are *so* surprised when they put on stiff collars and long trousers! So, in spite of his mother's tears, Edison dressed himself in a blue-striped uniform and a cap with gold lacings, and went to work on the Grand Trunk Railroad, selling books, candy, and papers to the passengers.

This was at the time when the North was fighting the South, and people were very anxious to buy the newspapers to read about the war. One day when there had been a big and bloody battle, young Edison sold hundreds of papers. At first he sold them for five cents, which was the regular price in those days; then as the people at the different stations struggled to reach the train and get

the papers he raised the price to fifteen cents, and finally he sold the last in his pack for a quarter each.

On the train there was an express car that was almost always empty. Young Edison fitted up this car with a small printing-press, a home-made telegraph instrument, and a few bottles of chemicals, and in the time between selling papers, he used to work in this queer shop on wheels. He printed a little newspaper of his own called the *Weekly Herald*, about the size of a lady's pocket handkerchief, and sold it for three cents a copy. It was such a good paper for a small boy to get up that sometimes he sold five hundred copies of it. And then, one dreadful day when the train was going around a very sharp curve, a bottle of phosphorus, which is what matches are made of, fell on to the floor and set the express car on fire. The conductor was a Scotchman with a quick temper. First he put out the fire and then he put Edison

out on the platform of the next station and threw his printing-press, his bottles, and his telegraph instruments helter-skelter after him. And worse still, he boxed the boy's ears so severely that his ear-drums were injured and he became almost deaf in later years.

Poor Edison, standing there on the railroad track ill-fed, ill-clad, with the hair that *would* not behave standing up wildly all over his head, and the broken pieces of his beloved possessions scattered all about him! Most boys of twelve would have lost their courage then, and sulked, or stormed, or given up trying, but not he! He simply went home, begged his father to let him use the tiny room under the eaves for a shop, gathered up his scattered type, made new telegraph instruments with patient care, and went on experimenting as though nothing had happened.

He and his boy neighbors passed wires between their houses and sent slow telegraph

messages back and forth. When the other boys did not understand the messages that Edison was sending, they made him very angry by opening their windows and shouting across the lawns to find out what he intended to say!

And then one day when Edison was fifteen years old, he saved the station agent's baby from being run over by a train, and the baby's father was so grateful that he offered to teach the boy railroad telegraphy. And so at last Edison got his chance, as every boy gets it sooner or later, and went to work in earnest. And every one knows how he became one of the greatest inventors in the world and made the phonograph, the motion pictures, and the electric lights possible. But he became famous in spite of poverty, hard work, and deafness just because he kept both of his eyes wide open, asked questions about what he didn't understand, and *kept on trying* in spite of everything.

SEE IF YOU CAN TELL

1. When was Thomas Alva Edison born? Where did he spend his childhood?

2. What sort of looking boy was he?

3. What were some of the questions that little Al used to ask his friends?

4. How did he try to teach his nurse girl to fly?

5. What experiments did he try with the goose eggs? With the two black cats?

6. Where did his family move when he was seven?

7. Did he go to public school? Who taught him?

8. What sort of books did little Al like to read?

9. Where and when and why did he go to work?

10. What did he do in the express car on the train? What stopped his work?

11. How were his ears injured?

12. What did Edison and his friends invent and operate between their homes?

13. Why did the station agent teach him telegraphy?

14. Why do you suppose Edison became a great man?

15. Write out a list of all the inventions of Edison that you know about.

EUGENE FIELD

THE BOY WHO NEVER GREW UP

THERE are a few men and women in this world who look from the outside just like grown-ups, with gray hair and perhaps a few wrinkles, and yet really they are in their hearts just little boys and girls.

About sixty years ago, in the big city of Saint Louis, there was born a little boy who was to be like this. His name was Eugene Field, and he lived to be a tall man with little sons and daughters of his own, but still he never really grew up all his life long.

There were some very queer things about this queer boy, and here is one of them. He did not know what day his birthday was! And queerer still, none of the family could remember whether it was September 1st or

September 2d, so the poor boy had to grow up without a birthday at all. And, worse than that, the four other Field children died one by one, and so Eugene and his brother Roswell had to grow up without them. And worst of all, Eugene had to grow up as well as he could without any mother. He was only six when she died. He and his brother were sent on the cars to New England to live with their Aunt Mary and their Cousin Mary in a sleepy little village among the Pelham Hills. Here Eugene spent his schooldays and his playdays and his churchdays as other boys do, with this difference: Eugene Field never did anything just like other people, even when he played "Hi Spy" with his boy friends after school.

In the first place most boys do not love animals as much as Eugene loved them. Every pet that he owned, from the goat to the tame squirrel, had a queer name of its own, and Eugene believed that the animals

knew their names and could talk among themselves in dog-and-cat-and-goat language as well as he could talk in human fashion. Some of the funny names of his pets were Finniken-Minniken, Dump, and Poog Boog. His first poem was written about a dog that he called the Dooly-Dog, and began like this:—

Dooly-Dog speaks, —

"Oh, had I wings like a dove I would fly
Away from this world of fleas.
I'd fly all around Miss Emerson's yard,
And light on Miss Emerson's trees."

When he was a grown-up boy, Eugene Field had a little fox terrier, Jessie, with an excited white tail and yellow ears, who used to sit very still on guard while her master wrote, and who growled very fiercely when any one came into the room to disturb him. All his life Eugene loved his pets, and he used to read his poems aloud to them. He even thought that they knew enough to smile at the funny

›laces. His canaries used to hop across the ›aper while he wrote, getting mixed up with :he pen and ink. He hatched out little fuzzy-vuzzy chickens in his cellar against the fur-ıace, and kept butterflies and soft silver noths in his closet instead of clothes. One ›f the poems that he wrote when he grew up began this way, —

"I wouldn't give much for the boy 'at grows up,
With no friendship subsistin' 'tween him and a pup."

With all his liking for pets and poetry Eugene was an active boy, full of life and spirit. He was the chosen leader of all the boys in the village, and invented such queer amusements and such lively adventures that the good fathers and mothers of the town would sigh, shake their heads, and say, "The Field boys are good boys, but full of the Old Nick."

His pranks in school nearly turned his

teacher's hair gray. He would set the whole school laughing with the funny pictures he made in his books, and then when the poor teacher came down from the platform to see what he was doing, he always had a history book innocently open before him and seemed to be studying very hard. Sometimes the book was upside down, but Eugene studied it nearly as hard in that way as in any other.

He and five friends built a castle of tree trunks and bushes on a hill behind the schoolhouse. They dug a deep ditch around the foot of the castle and covered it with boughs and leaves so that it looked just like the solid ground round about. One day the teacher followed them up the hill to see what new mischief they were up to. Over the narrow strip of ground they had left across the moat the boys ran into the fort. But when the professor started after them, — crash! He fell through the twigs, down

ıto the ditch till he was half buried in the ıud and bushes below.

Of course this was a very naughty perform-ıce and richly deserved punishment. But ıgene was always sorry for his tricks after-ards, and this time he went to the teacher ith such a manly apology that the good man rgave all the small rascals, and merely ghed, "These boys *are* boys, sure enough."

Although he did not like to study as well ; he did to play, — and after all, who does? — ugene was very bright and quick to learn hen he set his mind upon his work. He ›uld write verses, draw pictures, and recite A Soldier of the Legion" better than any :her boy or girl in the school.

One of the greatest treats of his childhood as to be allowed to visit his grandmother ı the big, white, old-fashioned house in mherst. Six days in the week he and his rother and cousins could romp about the elds, hunting for hidden stores of winter-

green, or nuts, or go fishing for trout and dace in the shallows of the silver Connecticut, or play hide-and-go-seek in the crannies and nooks of the woodshed. But at six o'clock on Saturday the house was swept and dusted, and Sunday began. And there could be no more merriment for a long twenty-four hours. For his grandmother thought that it was almost wrong for a boy to smile on Sunday. Eugene used to carry his grandmother's foot-stove to church for her and light it with coals from the vestry-room fire. Then while grandmother sat with her feet warm and comfortable on the stove and nibbled cassia cakes and wintergreen lozenges to keep from falling asleep, poor Eugene would shiver and nod in the hard pew through the long sermons and Sunday school. He used to watch the sounding-board over the pulpit quiver and shake when the preacher shouted very loudly, as the preachers used to do in those days. Then he would watch the choir-mas-

ter pitch the tune for the singers with a tuning-fork, and wonder drowsily why it was all right for nice old ladies to eat wintergreen and peppermints in church and not all right for little boys to do the same.

But the sermons and the Bible reading and the hymns all made a great impression on the little boy. When he was nine years old, he wrote a sermon himself called "The Way of the Transgressor is Hard," — a very good sermon, too, for a child to write. But, as I said at the beginning, Eugene Field was not like most boys. And perhaps that is why everybody loved him so well.

Even when he was a mischievous little boy, his aunt and chums and teacher all loved him. And when he was a grown-up boy, the whole world loved him, old folks and middle-aged folks, but most of all the children, his own four children, Trotty, Melvin, Daisy, and Pinny, and all other little boys and girls who have ever read his poems. He wrote

EUGENE FIELD

about Shuffle-Shoon, Winken, Blinken, and Nod, about the terrible Flubdub, the queer Bingo Bird, the horrid Flimflam, the charming Dinkie Bird and the Doodle Do, and a host of strange beasts and beings, dear to the heart of every child.

Sometimes he wrote funny prose also. Here is something about the Wasp:—

"See the Wasp. He has pretty yellow stripes around his body, and a darning-needle in his tail. If you will Pat the Wasp upon the Tail We will give you a nice Picture Book."

And sometimes it was funny verse that he wrote, like this:—

"Down through the snowdrifts in the street
With blustering joy he steers.
His rubber boots are full of feet
His tippit full of ears."

It was partly because Eugene Field wrote such amusing and pretty poems for the chil-

dren, partly because he told them such splendid stories, as they perched on his knee, and partly because he knew such happy games to teach them that they all loved him so well, but the greatest reason why the children loved Eugene Field was because he was a child himself always, and never forgot the wonderful secret of how to play.

I Know — Do You?

1. What was the first queer thing about Eugene Field?
2. How many brothers and sisters had he? Where did he go to live when his mother died?
3. Tell about Eugene's pets and their queer names.
4. What pets did he have when he was a grown-up boy?
5. Was Eugene a quiet boy or a lively one?
6. Tell the story about the fort on the hill.
7. What things could Eugene do better than other children?
8. Describe a Sunday at his grandmother's.

HORACE MANN

AN UNHAPPY LITTLE BOY

IT is a very happy thing to be a little boy, although it is not a bit happier than being a little girl. The world is full of such a lot of child-things, story-books and fairy-tales, stars and swimming pools, raspberry tarts and birthday cakes and Christmas holidays. It seems almost a pity that people cannot stay girls and boys all their lives, instead of growing wrinkles and aches and pains and spectacles. And yet there are some children in this gay, joyful, holiday world who are not happy. There are some children who are even very sad. That doesn't seem possible. But I am going to tell you the story of one child who was like this.

He was born one hundred and seventeen years ago in the old-fashioned state of Massachusetts, and his name was Horace Mann. His father and mother were so poor and had to work so hard that they had no time to tell their two little sons and two little daughters how much they loved them. Of course they did love their children as much as your father and your mother love you, but they did not have the time to tell them so, — or perhaps they didn't think of it. There are some people who never speak of the things that they feel the most. We say that such people are *reserved.* In New England, in those hard-working, stern, long-ago days, people were very reserved indeed. They talked together about the weather, and the crops and politics, not about affection or love or admiration. And so little Horace learned to keep his thoughts to himself. Think of that, you little boys and girls who run to father and mother whenever you hurt your finger or

your feelings! Poor little Horace was so reserved that he never even told his mother when he had a pain, until he grew so sick that she noticed it herself.

The Mann family lived on a little run-down farm that bore big crops of stones and weeds and small crops of everything else. Horace began to work on the farm earlier than he could remember, when most little boys are still thought babies and are playing all day long. Instead of play days he had only play hours, and very few of them; for whenever he played a little he had to work a great deal to make up for lost time. In the winter the whole Mann family earned their bread and butter and potatoes by plaiting straw for baskets and bonnets. It is not much fun to go barefoot, ploughing or hoeing or pulling weeds over stony fields while the sun scatters freckles and tan over a small, heated face. It is not much fun either, to sit barefoot in a cold room and plait, plait, plait straw until

it is too dark to see to plait any longer. But little Horace did what he had to do patiently and without whining.

Besides, this braiding of straw was what earned enough money for Horace's school-books. There were very few school-books, or even picture or story books for children in those days, and what there were were badly written and illustrated. But to little Horace all books were wonderful treasures to be read reverently and taken great care of. He would have thought of sticking a pin into his own hand as soon as he would have stuck one into a book. Indeed, one of the chief reasons why Horace was so unhappy was that he could go to school only two or three months in the year. Some children may think that this should have made him happy, but Horace longed for an education. He wanted to know about the old wars of history, the strange countries that the geographies tell about, the stars and the tides and why the

earth goes round. One day there came to the Mann's house to visit, a young lady who, people said, had studied a strange and remarkable thing called *Latin.* Little Horace looked upon this young lady almost as a goddess. It did not seem possible that he could ever hope to study Latin.

In the little town of Franklin where Horace lived there was a tiny public library. The books in this library were mostly heavy, uninteresting histories, or long, dreary collections of sermons and essays. But Horace spent whatever time he could snatch from the farm in the library, bending over these dusty, dull old volumes and reading them as eagerly as boys nowadays read "Robinson Crusoe" or "Tom Sawyer."

Next to books and his mother and his older brother, Horace loved beauty. But there was very little beauty for him on the dreary farm or in the tiny town. People in those days thought that painting pictures or play-

ing the piano was a foolish waste of time, because they earned no money and bought no bread or shoes or clothes. Whenever little Horace tried to make pictures of his beautiful thoughts on his slate at school, the hard knuckles of the master's ruler would set his poor red fingers a-tingle. Still Horace managed to steal a bit of beauty now and then by gazing at the red and golden sky at sunset or by lying on his back at night and watching and wondering at the dark blue curve of the heavens pricked by the tiny stars.

There was one thing more that made poor little Horace unhappy, and that was the cruelest thing of all. For it was the religion that the minister preached every Sunday and that the little boy was brought up to believe. Surely such a wonderful, beautiful thing as religion ought not to make any one unhappy, but the beliefs of those stern old days were unkind beliefs that taught the wrath of God and a dreadful place of punishment for people

HORACE MANN

He sat up late at night to read.

who did wrong, instead of the love of God and the mercy of God. Poor Horace could hardly sleep at night because he was so frightened at the thought of the dreadful punishment for sin. His dearly beloved brother was drowned when he was only twelve years old, before he had joined the church. Horace used to make himself wretched with the fear that perhaps this dear brother would not be allowed to enter heaven. At last, when he was twelve years old, and twelve years wise, Horace Mann made up a religion that he could believe in without fear. It was based on the kindness of God and the forgiveness of sins. After this he was happier.

All this time, while he was ploughing, braiding straw, and sitting up late at night to read whatever books he could lay hands on by the light of a tallow candle, he was wishing that he could have a real education so that he might some day do something that would help the old world along, and make other unhappy boys

and girls happier. At last his chance came as the chance always does come to people who work patiently and wait patiently and pray patiently for it. A teacher came to town, became interested in the ambitious, eager boy, and offered to help him get ready for college. It usually takes years to prepare for college; but Horace studied so hard and so well that in six months he entered Brown University, and his boyhood hopes were realized.

Nowadays even the poorest child may have good school opportunities and fine teachers. There are libraries full of books for children, free concerts of beautiful music, and free art galleries hung with masterpieces of painting. There is no reason why a single girl or boy should want an education without having it or starve for beauty in a world full of beautiful things. And the one person who did most to give the children good schools and libraries and teachers was Horace Mann, the

miserable little drudge whose boyhood went hungry for these very things on the rocky New England farm.

Try to answer These

1. Where and when was Horace Mann born?
2. What sort of people were his father and mother?
3. Did Horace become reserved?
4. What did Horace have to do when he was a little boy? In the summer? In the winter?
5. Did he like to do this? Did he complain?
6. How did Horace feel about books? Were there many good children's books?
7. What did Horace want more than anything in the world?
8. What books did he read in the Franklin public library?
9. How did Horace manage to get a little bit of beauty in his life?
10. What sort of religion did the preacher in Franklin teach?
11. How did these beliefs affect Horace?

12. How did Horace get ready for college? How long did it take him?

13. What were some of the reasons why Horace was not a happy boy?

14. In spite of his unhappiness what did he succeed in doing for the world when he grew up?

15. Are there many little boys nowadays who have the same things to make them unhappy that Horace Mann had? Why not?

KAISER WILHELM OF GERMANY

THE PRINCE WHO WOULD A SOLDIER BE

ONE afternoon, years and years ago, in 1851, the big German city of Berlin woke out of its afternoon nap, rubbed its eyes open, and listened. Hark! The great cannon at the palace was roaring out to the wide world the news that an heir had been born to the German throne.

"Thirty-five, thirty-six —" the people counted the shots breathlessly; then, "Thirty-seven," and they all shouted and threw their caps into the air and danced with joy. For the cannon's thirty-seventh boom meant that the child was a boy baby, and the whole nation went wild with joy to think that they had a tiny emperor sleeping in a satin-lined crib in the palace on the hill.

PRINCE WILHELM
He felt like a real soldier.

This little boy prince was different from most children at the very beginning. He was a pink baby instead of a red one, pretty instead of bald and wrinkled and homely, with wide-open blue eyes that did not pucker and roll like most babies' eyes. His first sharp little cry seemed to say very plainly to those gathered around his crib, "I am here."

"A pretty lad," said one of the dukes, carelessly. The baby's big, broad, blond nurse turned indignantly upon the speaker. "Indeed he is no lad at all," she cried. "He is a *Prince.*" And so, to be sure, he was from the very beginning of his life, in spite of his baby ruffles and frills, his long dresses, and his short, fat legs.

When the purple irises and yellow primroses began to sparkle in the grass of the royal park, little Prince Wilhelm, or as we would call him, little Prince William, now almost a year old, toddled and staggered among the flowers, hugging close his dearest

plaything, a white, woolly puppy, and trying his best to imitate the "goose-step" of the sentry at the park gate.

Two things the little boy loved above all others: one was his handsome, tall grandfather, the king — so tall, that the little grandson clinging to his hand could hardly see up into his face; the other was the guard of soldiers before the palace. German soldiers are very stiff and straight and move with jerks like wooden toys, and their bright uniforms look so new and shiny that one would almost think they had been painted on. The little prince loved to watch them. He would straighten up his own small back and march up and down with them like the tiniest trooper in the world. He loved, too, to have the soldiers salute him whenever he appeared. He would run away from his nursery in the midst of being dressed, with his face still soapy and his short yellow curls standing on end, and go pattering down the

marble staircase, out across the lawn to the palace gate, where the beautiful soldier men stood waiting to present arms to him.

But one day a strange and dreadful thing happened. The little prince came running and hopping across the lawn as usual. The soldiers were standing at the gate as stiff and straight as usual. But when Wilhelm lifted his fat little hand to his forehead in salute, the soldiers did not seem to notice him at all. They stood without moving, looking over the head of the little boy as if he were not there. Prince Wilhelm turned around, trailed back across the lawn, up the marble steps, and straight into the kind arms of his father.

"Oh, papa, I am disgraced," he sobbed. "The sentries would not notice me."

The father looked down gravely at his small, heart-broken son.

"My boy," he said, "are you dressed in a fashion to exact respect?"

The little prince looked down, too, and this is what he saw. His frock was unbuttoned, one stocking hung down over his shoe, and the other foot was bare and wet and muddy. Without saying a word he slipped down from his father's lap, saluted him, and marched straight out of the room to his nursery. And after that Prince Wilhelm was dressed like a prince before he went out to receive the salute of the soldiers at the gate.

All small boys, rich or poor, noble or not, are alike in one thing. They all like to play. If ever a boy were born who did not like to play, he would be as much of a curiosity as a four-legged chicken or a two-headed calf, and they would probably have him on exhibition in a circus or a dime museum. Prince Wilhelm had a brother Henry, three years younger, and the two of them were the best friends imaginable. With long spears made of bamboo they dodged among the trees in the park, playing red Indians. On the

lake there was a small war-ship made just like the real ones except that it was only large enough for small boys instead of big men. In their blue and white sailor suits the two boys would climb aboard the ship and fight terrible battles with the Pirates of Let's Pretend, slaying hundreds of the enemy with horse-chestnut bullets fired from the tiny cannon.

When he was still a very little boy, Wilhelm had to go to school. Princes are supposed to know so many dry, uninteresting things! This is one reason why you should be thankful that you are just a Jones boy or a Smith boy or a Robinson boy and not a poor, hard-working little prince across the sea. Wilhelm had a great many different teachers for a great many different things, but the one especial, particular favorite among them had a funny German name, Huizpeler, and a big warm German heart that was big enough for addition and subtraction, geography and

history, and the things little boys really like, besides. After lessons were over and the books put away this kindly man stopped being a teacher and became a playmate at once. The two little princes and their teacher spent many a joyous hour in the park, playing Crusaders with wooden swords or Admirals with cocked paper hats. Perhaps it was because he loved this teacher so well, and wanted to please him, that Wilhelm tried to do well in his studies. Whenever there was an especially hard problem to be solved, Wilhelm tried especially hard to solve it. He hated to be beaten, and he very seldom *was* beaten, for work will win over the hardest thing in the end.

When he was ten years old, Prince Wilhelm was made Lieutenant in the Seventh Regiment of Foot Guards of the German Empire. Besides this long, important title he now owned a military suit with brass buttons and braid, and began to feel so much like a

real soldier that when the great quarrel 1870 rose between France and Germany, I insisted on going to war with his father a grandfather. It was hard to sit quietly home over stupid lessons while far away t guns were thundering, and the flags flying, a the German soldiers were beating against t walls of Paris. Wilhelm's mind would str away from the words on the page, althou he studied with desperate earnestness though this would make him grow up soon He and his brother could hardly wait to g the letters from their soldier father and gran father, written on the battle-field, and telli them about the war. Then, one winter da as the two boys were skating figure eights the ice in the park lake they heard th teacher Huizpeler calling to them. When th reached the bank, too breathless to spea he told them that the war was over and th Germany had won.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" shouted little Prin

William, as soon as he had voice enough to shout at all.

"Do not cheer, Prince," said his teacher. "What is joy to us is sorrow to the brave French who have struggled so hard."

But in spite of this the little boy could hardly keep still. His dear father and handsome grandfather and beloved soldiers had won, and were coming home victors. "Hurrah!" thought the little prince, "Hurrah!" When the troops marched through Berlin in a long procession of victory, little Prince Wilhelm rode with them, sitting stiff and proud in his uniform on a speckled pony with a long speckled tail.

Now Prince Wilhelm was given until he was eighteen to grow up. By that time he must know the many things a prince has to learn. So, at fourteen, he was sent away from the care-free, luxurious palace at Berlin to public school. These schools are called *gymnasiums* in Germany, and, here in a gymnasium, with

the butcher's sons and the baker's sons and the candlestick-maker's sons as companions, Wilhelm went to school for two years like a common boy instead of like a prince. He wore shabby clothes and ate plain food. He shovelled coal for the school stove when his turn came around, and he was treated no differently from the rest.

At school, Wilhelm worked very hard. He sat up nights to study until he grew quite thin and pale and his books became shabby and dog-eared with use. And all the time he was storing up knowledge in his head for use in the grown-up years when he should be a king. He never took advantage of his birth to excel his fellow-students. Once a teacher who wanted to get the good-will of the prince told him as a secret what the examination questions were to be. Wilhelm listened in silence. But the next day he went to the board before the whole class and wrote on it what the teacher had told him

so that all the others would know as much as he.

It was this fine sense of honor in the little Prince Wilhelm, his persistence in duty, and his patriotism that have made the great Kaiser Wilhelm so well loved by his people, so useful, and such a truly kingly king.

Question Talk

1. In what year was Emperor Wilhelm born?
2. How did the German people know that the child was a boy?
3. What did the baby's nurse say about him?
4. What were the two things that little Prince Wilhelm loved best?
5. What did the prince like to have the soldiers do?
6. Tell the stories of the sentries who would not salute.
7. What was the lesson that the prince learned from this experience?
8. What was the name of the prince's

brother? What games did the two boys like to play together?

9. Who was the favorite teacher? Why was he the favorite?

10. What was Prince Wilhelm made when he was ten years old?

11. How did the war end?

12. What sort of school did Wilhelm attend when he was twelve?

13. Tell the story of the examination questions.

14. How was Wilhelm's life like that of Queen Victoria when a child? How was it different?

15. What do you suppose made Wilhelm grow to be such a great and useful emperor?

HELEN KELLER

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO SAW WITH HER FINGERS

It isn't so very hard to suppose that you are a pirate bold on the Spanish Main, or a princess fair with a golden train, but shut your eyes, and then try to suppose that you couldn't see the color of your new blue stone ring or your best marble, that you couldn't hear your mother call "dinner's ready," and that you couldn't make your tongue say a single word. That *is* hard to suppose, isn't it? But there are some little children in this happy, bright-colored, noisy world who cannot see, or hear, or speak. One of these children, named Helen Keller, was born in a tiny, two-roomed Alabama cottage nearly thirty-two years ago.

Such a jolly baby Helen was for the first year and a half of her small life, for she was born with two good blue eyes, and two good pink ears, and a prattling little tongue like any other baby. At her six months' milestone, when most children are still saying "A-goo," Helen could pipe out in a high, shrill voice, "How d'ye! How d'ye!" and on the morning she was one year old she slid out of her mother's lap and *walked*, not crept or rolled, but walked on two fat feet to pick up a handful of sunbeams that were dancing across the floor.

And then came the cruel fever that closed the blue eyes and shut the pink ears forever. A nineteen-months-old baby cannot remember many things. Very soon Helen forgot how the yellow roses, the fields, and the sky looked, and she even forgot how to talk, because she did not hear what other people said. She learned to nod her head when she meant "yes," and to shake it when she

meant "no," to pull her mother's skirts for "come" and to push her away for "go." When she was hungry, she pointed to her mouth; when she was angry, she threw herself on the ground and screamed just like some poor little animal that does not understand why it is unhappy and that does not know what love means.

As she grew older, Helen began to find out queer, puzzling things about the black, unknown world. Sometimes she could feel her mother's lips moving strangely as she sat in her lap, but when she tried to move her own lips, they would not go. Then she would grow very angry in her effort to make people understand her, and would kick and shriek; for she could scream as loudly and as long as any naughty child, even if she could not say a single word. And then there were queer things about her father, too. Whenever she tried to find him through the dark of her world, she had to wade through a drift

of newspapers, and when she finally reached him, he was always holding a sheet of paper before his face in the strangest way. Helen could not understand what he was doing. She even put on his spectacles one day and tried holding a piece of paper before her own eyes, but again nothing happened; and again she became angry and felt her way along the boxwood hedge by the house to the garden, where she flung her small self down and buried her hot tears in the cool grass.

The garden with its honeysuckle arbor, its jasmine, and butterfly lilies was a friendly place to poor little Helen. She used to smell her way to the first violets and roses in the spring, and she liked the pure, smooth feeling of the tiger lilies by the hedge. Besides the flowers she had only two playmates. One was a little black girl, named Martha Washington, and one was a big brown dog, named Rosalie. Although she could not talk to Martha or see or hear her, Helen made her

understand her own queer sign language, and the two of them, the black child with woolly braids sticking all over her round head and the white child with the long golden curls, spent many an hour together hunting for guinea-hen's eggs in the long grass of the barnyard and feeding the turkeys and chickens with crumbs from the kitchen.

Up to the time she was seven years old Helen did not love anything or any one. She hated her new baby sister Mildred, because there was no room for two in her mother's lap. She hated the dog because she could not make her learn her sign language; she hated her doll Nancy; she even hated her mother sometimes. One day she locked her mother in the pantry, where she had to stay for three hours before the servant came home and let her out, while naughty little Helen sat outside on the doorstep and shrieked with joy when she felt the jar of the pounding on the door.

Now a father and mother cannot allow even a little blind girl to be as naughty as that. And yet what could this poor father and mother do? They could not explain to Helen how dreadful it was for a nice little girl to behave like a cross little dog who barks and bites because he doesn't know any better; and they could not punish her, because she would not know why she was being punished, any more than a kitten knows why it is slapped for breaking a vase. So they decided to take Helen to the city of Baltimore to see a great doctor there, who could sometimes cure blindness.

The railroad trip was a happy time to Helen. The kind conductor let her play with his ticket punch, and she clung to his brass-buttoned coat-tails and trotted after him on his trips along the train. She was so happy that she forgot to be naughty once before she got to Baltimore. But there, the doctor said that he could do nothing

for the closed eyes and ears. But he told Helen's father something comforting. A way had just been found to teach deaf, dumb, and blind children to read, talk on their fingers, and understand what other people were saying to them.

And so it happened that when Helen was seven years old in her body, but very, very young indeed in her poor shut-up mind, the most important day of her life came, — the day when she began to wake up. There are good fairies nowadays as much as ever there were in the old tales, only we call them by other names. It was one of these good fairies that touched Helen with her wand and woke her, although the fairy was called "Miss Sullivan," and her wand was just Love. Miss Sullivan came from the Perkins Institute for the Blind to teach Helen to hear and speak with her fingers, but for a little while it seemed almost as though she were going to fail.

The first thing that she did was to give Helen a new doll, and to spell out the word *doll* over and over in sign language in the little girl's palm. But Helen thought this a game, soon got tired of it, and ended by flinging her doll to the floor in a passion. And when Miss Sullivan tried to keep her from putting her hands into her plate at the table, or grabbing for the food, Helen became very angry and kicked and screamed again in the old, sad way.

And then a wonderful thing happened. One summer morning, when Helen and her teacher were walking about the dooryard in the midst of sunshine and dogwood blossoms and sweet smells, they stopped to get a drink at the pump, and as the little blind girl felt the cool water splashing down over her hands, Miss Sullivan spelled out in her palm the sign-word for *water*. And all at once Helen somehow knew that the queer word on her hand and the cool, wet feeling

of the water meant the same thing. She was so happy at this discovery that she jumped up and down, and ran about the yard touching everything in reach and asking the names for the grass, the stones, and the flowers. After this it was easy to teach Helen because she was so eager to learn. But one word was hard for her to understand.

"What is *love?*" asked Helen, in sign language. She picked a flower, smelled of it, and asked, "Is it a sweet smell like this?"

"No," answered Miss Sullivan.

"Is it like the sun?" persisted Helen.

"No," said Miss Sullivan again. She took Helen's hand and placed it on her heart. "Love is in here," she said. "It is a happy feeling here."

And so Helen learned the meaning of the most important word in the language.

After she knew how to listen and to talk with her ten useful little fingers, and after she had found out how to kiss her mother

and baby sister and how to smile, she and Miss Sullivan went to Boston to the Perkins Institute for the Blind. On the train with them went the doll Nancy, also, very prim in a new pink gingham dress. But, alas, her face which had been streaked with the mud pies she had been made to eat, had been washed almost away.

And now Helen learned to do something else. She learned to *talk*, not with her quick fingers, but with her slow tongue. At first the noise that she made did not seem much like speaking, but she would not give up trying. She sat with her hand on the teacher's throat and lips to feel their position while saying a word; then she would try to make her own throat and lips do the same thing. It was slow work, very slow indeed, but one day Helen opened her lips that had not spoken since her baby days and said plainly, "It is warm." Such a glad surprise for her mother and father and little sister

HELEN KELLER
An educated, happy, useful woman.

when Helen came home for vacation and *spoke* to them when she got off the train.

Helen Keller was never afraid to try anything. When she first went in wading in the ocean, she slipped and fell, and the Atlantic Ocean rolled over her, filling her mouth, her nose, and ears. Most little girls would have been afraid to go anywhere near the water after it had treated them so unkindly, but not Helen. The only thing that she said, after they pulled her out and stood her up on the sand, was, "Who put the salt into the water?"

She was not afraid of hard work either. One day when she was about twelve, Miss Sullivan took her to visit Wellesley College. "Some day," said brave little blind Helen, "I shall go to college too."

It is not an easy thing for boys and girls with good eyes and ears to get ready for college, and for a little girl without eyes that see or ears that hear it looked like an impossible thing.

But when Helen Keller made up her mind to do anything, she did it, whether it was easy or hard. So she began to study for college, and she wouldn't give up, and she *wouldn't give up,* until finally she *did* go to college.

And so the little blind, deaf, dumb, animal-girl who screamed and bit, and hated the world, and did not know what sound, or light, or love meant, grew up to be an educated, happy, useful woman whom all the world loves to-day; and she could do this because her motto was such a wise one: —

"I shall try again, and yet again."

I WANT TO KNOW

1. What happened to Helen Keller when she was nineteen months old? How did it change her?

2. How did Helen let people know what she wanted?

3. What did her father and mother do that seemed strange to Helen?

4. Did she have a good temper? Why do you suppose she got so angry?

5. Who were her playmates?

6. Did little Helen know what *love* meant?

7. Why was she taken to Baltimore?

8. Could the great doctor cure her? What did he do to help her?

9. Who was Miss Sullivan? What did she try to do for Helen? Did she succeed?

10. What was the first word of sign language that Helen learned? Did she want to learn other words?

11. Where did Helen go to school? What new thing did she learn to do there?

12. Did her deafness and her blindness make her afraid to try new things?

13. How did she get ready to go to college? Was it easy? Did she succeed?

14. How do you suppose this poor little girl was able to grow up to be an educated, useful woman?

15. There is a lesson in this story. What is it? Write out briefly what the life of Helen Keller ought to teach every boy and girl who reads it.

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